BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1945

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
GORDON BECKLES

F. MATANIA, R.I.

C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Wendy Hiller is the heroine of the new Archers film, "I Know Where I'm Going," which has been written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. This picture was taken at Denham Studios by John Hinde during the making of the film, and shows Miss Hiller wearing Clarks Prestwick Lace Shoes.

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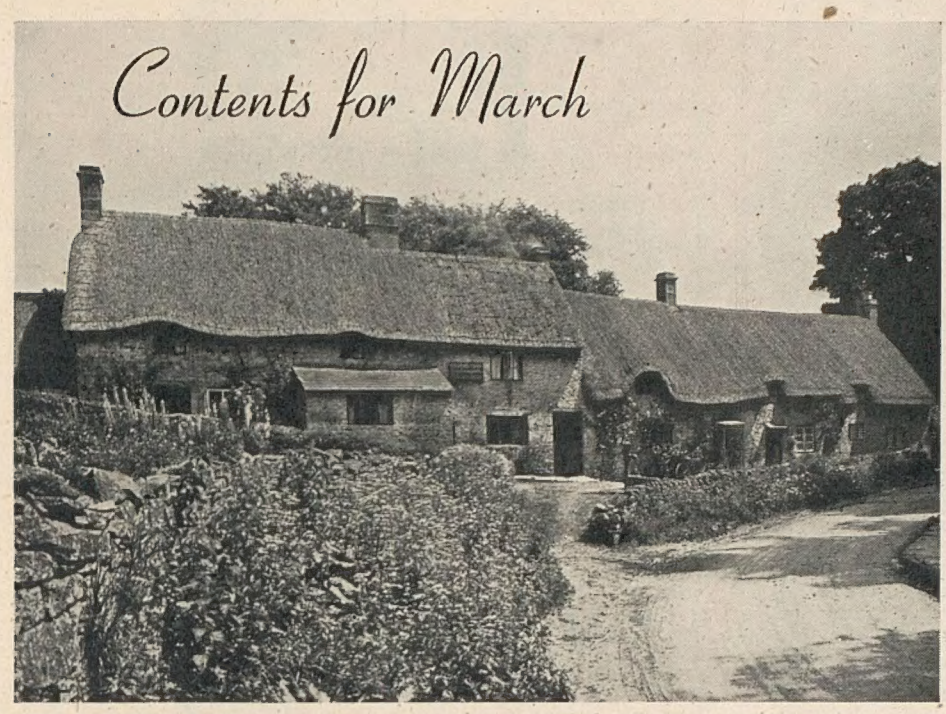
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 3 MARCH, 1945

Contents for March



THIS IS ENGLAND (3) A Row of Cottages at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire

Cover Design

by *Critchlow*

Articles

The Good News Came . . .
by *C. Fox Smith* 13 and 51

Back To Luxury
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 14–15 and 51

What Sort of Future for the Floating Liner?
by *Gordon Beckles* 16 and 52

Why Face and Character Count 20 and 61

Old Tales Re-told :
Ned Kelly and His Band of Australian Bushrangers
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Mantania, R.I.* 21–24 and 56

First Aid in Nature
by *Frank W. Lane* 25 and 62

Essentially English
by *Wilma Buckley* 42 and 68

Animals in Church
by *G. Bernard Wood* 29

Home Section

Heir Unapparent 33
It Comes In Like a Lion 34–35
Dress
by *Jean Burnup* 36
This Month's Hand-knits
Frilly-necked Blouse 37 and 66
Short-sleeved Jacket 37 and 66
House Prides
by *Winifred Lewis* 38–39
They Are No Longer Helpless 40
On Duty and Off
by *Jane Gordon* 43 and 67
Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis*
Base Suggestions 44
Deficiency Diseases 44
The Short Turn to Glamour 45
Cookery
by *Harriet Muir*
Three Dishes from One Joint 46
Three Dishes from One Fowl 47
Especially for the Man on Leave 46–47
How to Make a Real Curry 47
You Want Her to Grow Up Beautiful
by *Louisa Kay* 48

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 61

Stories

The Armoured Might of George and Sam
by *Kimball McIlroy*
Illustrations
by *Illingworth* 9–12 and 64

Yea, There Are Four
by *Alec Rackowe*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 17–19 and 54

Oscar
by *Jo Macdonald*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 26–28 and 58

Combined Operations
by *Frank H. Shaw*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 30–32 and 68

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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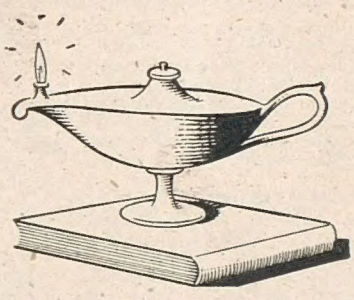

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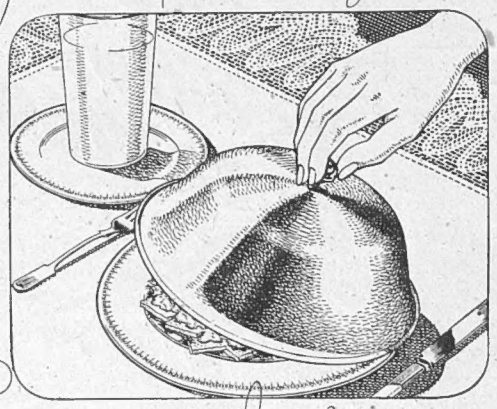
Tempting the Convalescent



Maybe someone in the family is getting over 'flu, or there is a child convalescing, or there is an elderly and delicate relative to cater for. They're not on strict diet, but they do need something light and tempting, and how to ring the changes is your problem. Well, here are a few suggestions to help you:

Varying the "egg and milk" menu

Household milk and dried eggs give grand nourishment and are just as good for invalids as for the healthy. A creamy omelette—with jam, or with herbs or chopped parsley, tender thin pancakes are a splendid choice for those allowed fried foods.

Custards are ideal for the "sore throat" or dental sufferer, and you can vary your basic custard too. For the usual recipe you reconstitute two dried eggs, sweeten ½-pint of household milk, or fresh milk, bring to the boil, pour boiling into the egg, stirring gently all the time, and then steam in a greased covered bowl over boiling water for 15 to 20 minutes.

For a change, flavour the milk with meat or vegetable extract, or with a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup (not bottled tomato; it might curdle), or use the milk to make strong, sweet cocoa before adding to the egg. Coffee extract is another good flavour for custard.

What about vegetables?

Unless definitely forbidden serve lightly cooked greens and salads as regularly as usual. Vitamin C is more important than ever to anyone "under the weather." Salads can be very tempting served in a small bowl, or on a pretty plate. Add colour variety with grated carrot, beetroot, cheese and so on.

Soups made with green vegetable water are valuable. But the liquor should be used immediately, not re-heated. So if you thicken it, cook the thickening separately and add hot to the soup. Meat or vegetable extract makes a delicious clear soup with this vegetable liquor. Or beat in some household milk.

Vegetable purées should be sieved as quickly as possible so that they do not need re-heating. Sometimes serve a "vegetable plate" of mashed potatoes, sieved greens and sieved swedes.

Ways with cheese

Some ways of cooking cheese may be indigestible. So serve the cheese ration grated in soups, or in thin sandwiches. Easily-digested, is a cheese sauce for the vegetable course. When making macaroni, potato, or rice cheese dishes, dress them up with chopped parsley, or carrot. Remember colour plays an important part in tempting the appetite.

If you would like the leaflet "FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS" *send a postcard marked "Invalids" to Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.*

STEAMED FISH

This is a very simple way to cook fish, and one that retains the delicate flavour. Frozen cod fillets are very suitable; but any fish used should be in thin pieces. Place the fish on a deep plate, with a knob of margarine on top; cover with another plate or a saucepan lid, and steam over boiling water for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve with parsley sauce, tomato sauce, the melted margarine, or a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S114)

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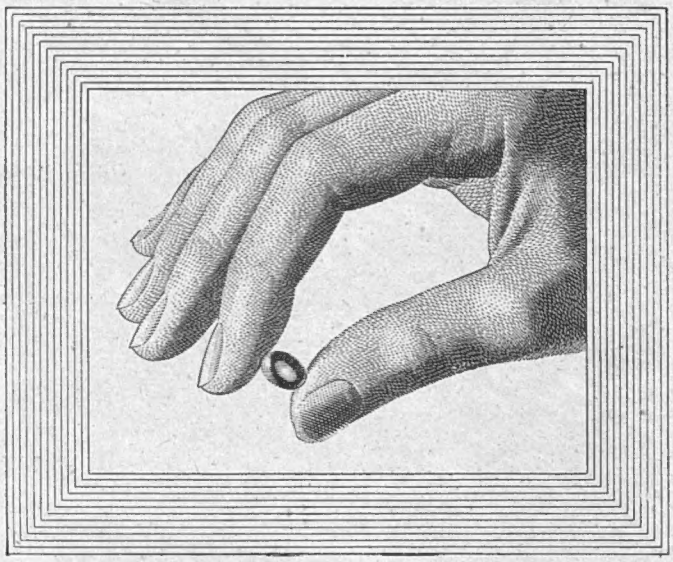

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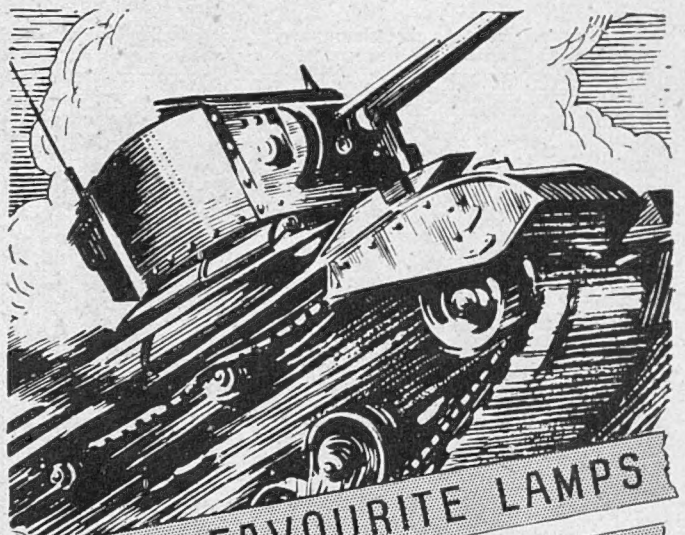

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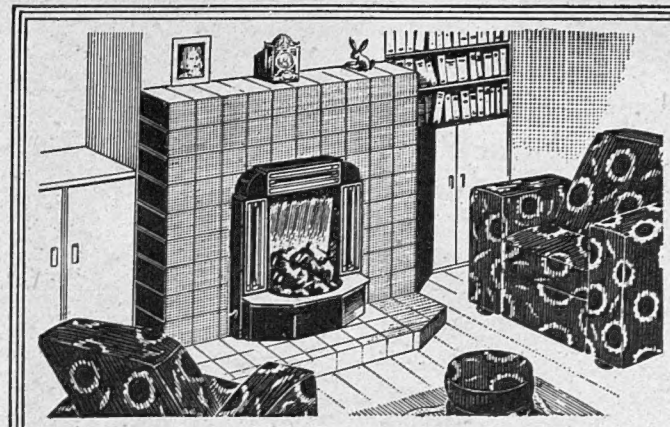

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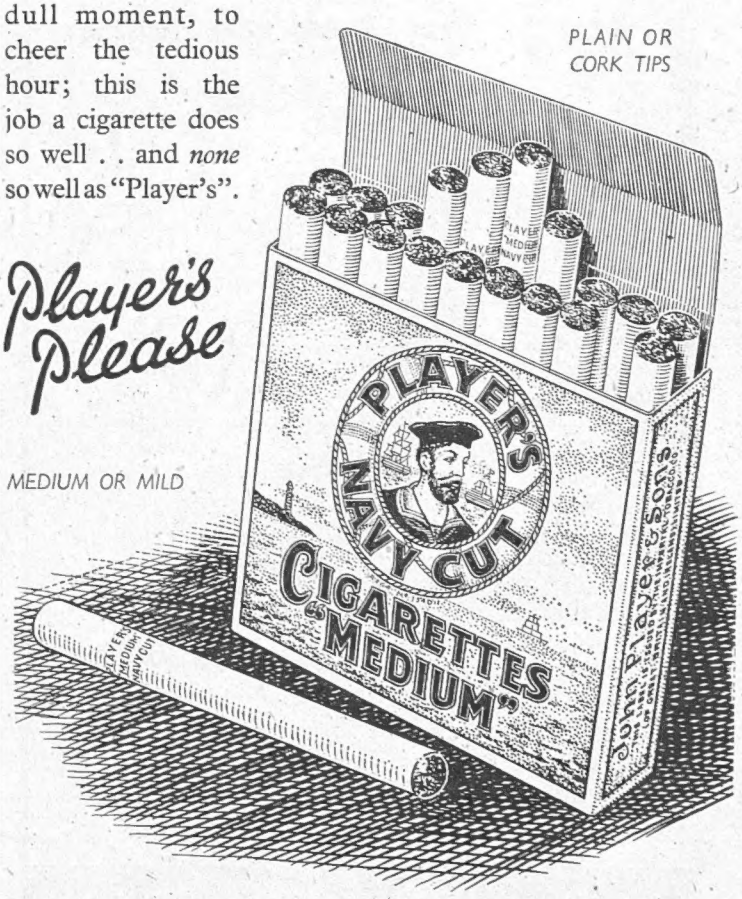

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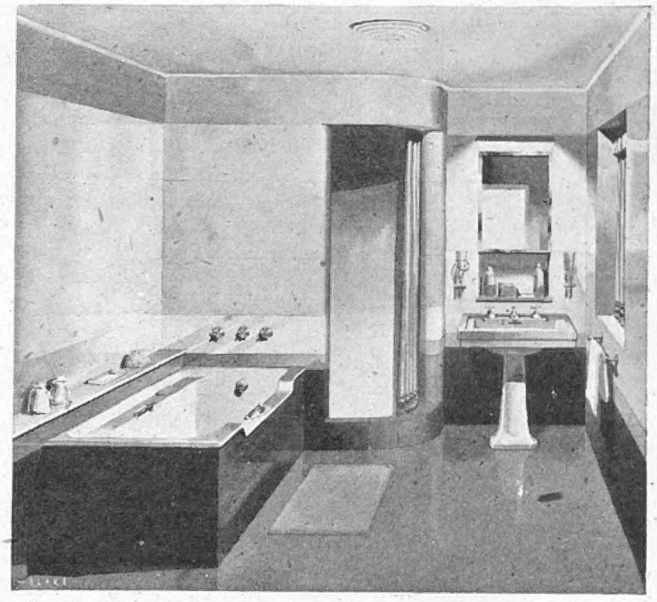

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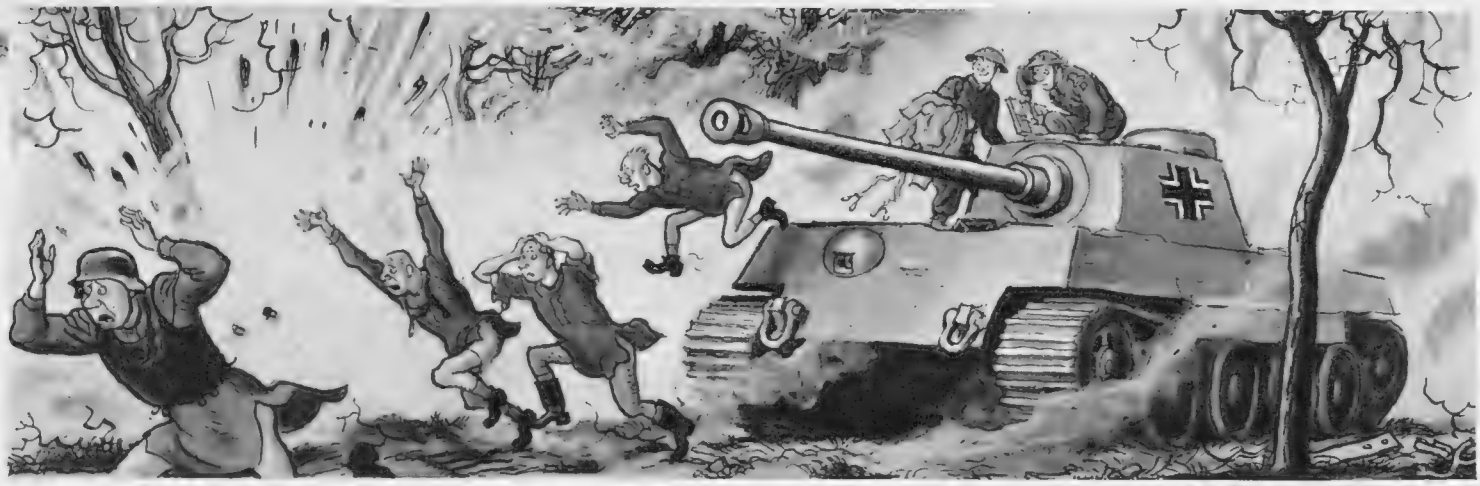


They had relieved the tank crew of their uniforms, pointed out to them where they were to go, and seen them scurrying off across the battlefield in the right direction.

The Armoured Might Of George And Sam

Two Allied Soldiers And a German Tank

By

Kimball McIlroy

THE tank was a big one and, although George was no expert in such matters, appeared to be in good condition. All the parts which he had been led to believe one would find on a tank were there, and several besides.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Sam said.

George nodded. The tank had apparently been recently painted. The big black cross on its side glistened in the sunlight.

"Do you suppose they ran out of gas, George?"

"More likely the barrage scared them and they abandoned it," George said.

He and Sam had been ordered out after the barrage and subsequent attack to search for salvage. They hadn't expected to find a tank, and George wasn't quite certain what they should do about it. Their orders were to carry anything they found back to their own lines. That didn't seem practicable under the circumstances.

"If there was a barrage, I'd rather be inside than outside," Sam said, patting the tank's stout hull.

George looked around for someone in authority to whom they could put their problem, and simultaneously there was a whistling sound over their heads and a loud crump a hundred yards away.

Sam looked at him. "You hear that, George?"

Before George could reply there was another whistling sound and another loud crump fifty yards away.

"You remember what I said, George?" Sam started up the iron ladder on the side of the tank. "Better inside than outside."

George didn't wait to argue. He scrambled up the ladder, to find Sam tugging at the hatch on top of the turret.

"How do you get this open, George?"

George pulled at the hatch. Around them the shells were falling in ever-increasing numbers. Evidently the morning's victory had not been an unqualified rout. The hatch refused to budge.

"Maybe there's a zipper somewhere," Sam suggested. As a round landed ten feet away and showered them with mud he gave a last desperate heave and the hatch came up. He glanced proudly at George. "Well, what do you know?"

"Stop talking and get inside," George said.

Obediently Sam swung his feet into the hatch and started to let himself down. A startled expression came over his face.

George said, "Hurry up." There wasn't any time to waste. Shell fragments were whining past their heads.

Sam said, "It's crowded."

"What do you mean, it's crowded?"

"There's more of us in here than you'd think. There's some downstairs already."

"What?" George peered into the turret. It was dark and he couldn't see anyone. "You're imagining things. If there's anyone in there they're dead.

"They bite mighty good for dead people," Sam said. "Ouch!" He swung his legs hastily out of the turret and sat rubbing his ankle.

George was undecided. If there was anyone in the tank they were undoubtedly armed, and he wasn't. But when another exploding shell threw mud over the tank he put his head close to the hatch and shouted, "Come on up out of there!"

Sam looked bewildered. "Gee," he said, "suppose they do? Then what?"

George didn't know. When nothing happened he shouted the command again in German, which he had learned at school.

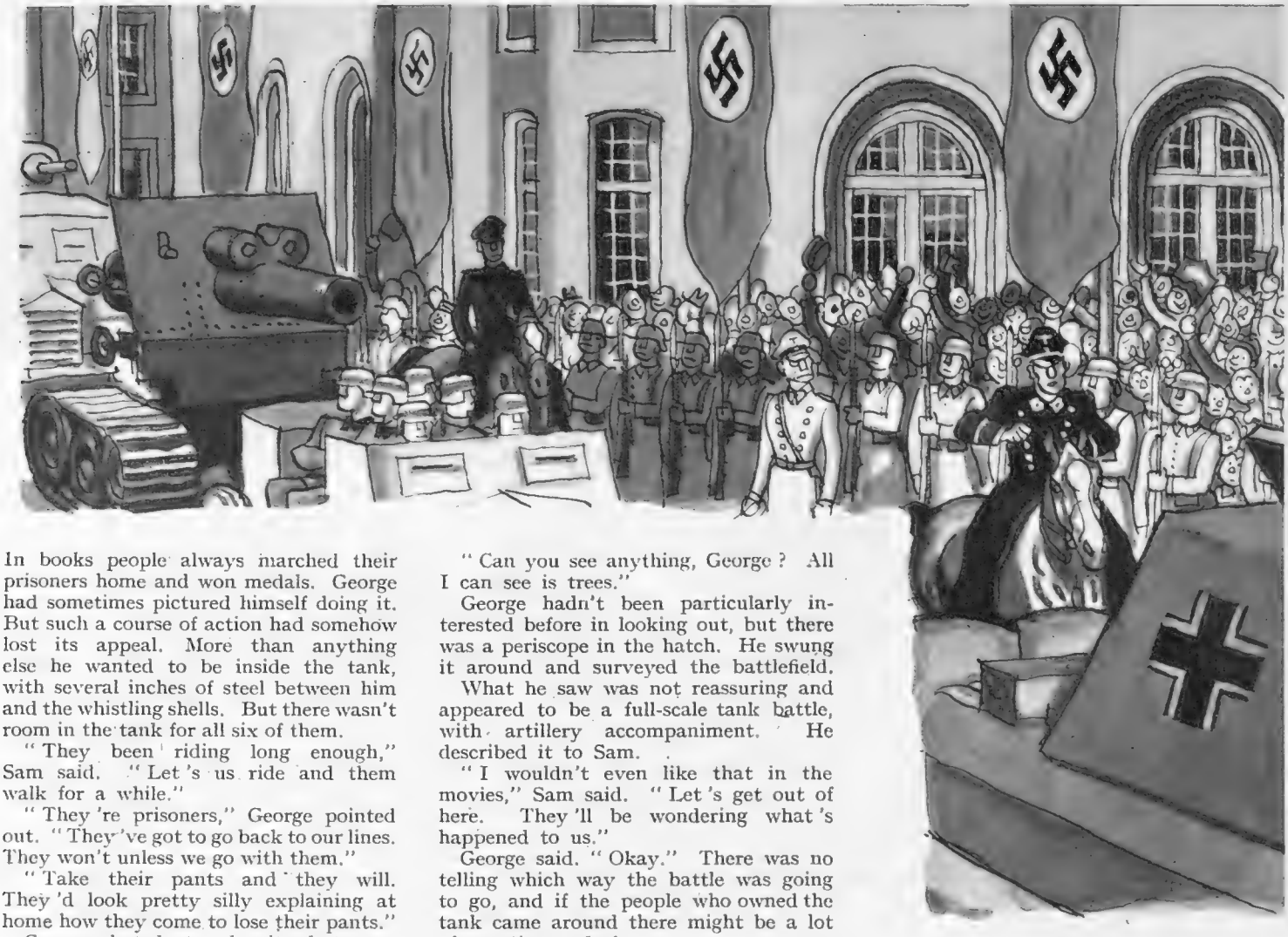
The results were startling. Two hands came in sight, closely followed by the head, shoulders, and body of a member of the tank's crew. Three others emerged in quick succession.

Sam stared open-mouthed at the terrified quartet and then looked at George.

"It must have been the magic words you used the second time that done it," he said. "Now what do we do with them?"

George hadn't made up his mind about that either, but shells were continuing to fall closer and closer to them and it was obviously a time for quick decisions. Meanwhile the sergeant of the tank crew was pouring out explanations of his plight. They had had engine trouble and their gun had jammed and their radio set had blown a tube. It was very sad, but not very important to George at the moment.

Sam, however, had listened with rapt attention. "I bet he's giving you excuses for how he came to be in the box he's in," he said. "We're in the same box. What do we do?"



Sam brought the tank to a halt, but not quite in time. A front mudguard of the limousine crumpled like an old pancake

In books people always marched their prisoners home and won medals. George had sometimes pictured himself doing it. But such a course of action had somehow lost its appeal. More than anything else he wanted to be inside the tank, with several inches of steel between him and the whistling shells. But there wasn't room in the tank for all six of them.

"They been riding long enough," Sam said. "Let's us ride and them walk for a while."

"They're prisoners," George pointed out. "They've got to go back to our lines. They won't unless we go with them."

"Take their pants and they will. They'd look pretty silly explaining at home how they come to lose their pants."

George hated to do it, but war was war. In a matter of seconds they had relieved the tank crew of their uniforms, pointed out to them where they were to go, shoved them gently but firmly down the ladder, and seen them scurrying off across the battlefield in the right direction. Then they got into the tank.

There was less room even than George had imagined. The turret was so crowded with just two of them that Sam had to climb down into the driver's compartment. George sat on the commander's seat, with the hatch pulled down, and every time he moved he bumped his elbow on something sharp.

"Best air-raid shelter I was ever in," Sam shouted up.

George could hardly hear him. He looked around and found a microphone and ear-set. Sam had one too, and when they put them on they had a very satisfactory intercommunication system.

The barrage continued. George got out a cigarette and lit it. Sam was being very quiet. George nodded and finally dozed off.

He was jolted awake by the sound of the engine turning over and then breaking into a full-throated roar.

"The dopes had it flooded, that's all," Sam reported jubilantly. "Where do you want to go?"

George didn't want to go anywhere at the moment, but he could picture them, when the barrage was over, driving into their own lines, the heroic captors not only of an entire tank crew, but of the tank itself, intact and in good working order. It was a pleasant prospect and he let himself dwell on it while they waited for the barrage to end.

"Can you see anything, George? All I can see is trees."

George hadn't been particularly interested before in looking out, but there was a periscope in the hatch. He swung it around and surveyed the battlefield.

What he saw was not reassuring and appeared to be a full-scale tank battle, with artillery accompaniment. He described it to Sam.

"I wouldn't even like that in the movies," Sam said. "Let's get out of here. They'll be wondering what's happened to us."

George said. "Okay." There was no telling which way the battle was going to go, and if the people who owned the tank came around there might be a lot of questions asked.

Sam started the engine again and eased the tank out of the shelter of the wood.

"You figure we'll get a medal for this, George?"

George thought so, but for the time being he was more interested in their getting home in one piece. He kept a careful watch on the tanks engaged in the battle, but nobody seemed to have noticed them.

"Won't this thing go any faster, Sam?"

"Sure. I only got her in second. Wait'll I throw her into high."

Gears whined and the tank leaped forward. George's head went back as far as the rear of the turret and then stopped abruptly. He hung grimly to the seat as they careened across the battlefield.

George clung to the seat.

Sam began whistling. "No two guys ever came home in grander style than this, George. They'll be talking about it for weeks."

The battle was behind them. George manœuvred his eyes to the periscope, looking for a familiar landmark.

Something bounced deafeningly off the turret top, something very hard and travelling very fast.

"Was that you, George?"

"No."

"I didn't think it was. Better have a look, George."

George looked, just in time to catch the muzzle-flash of the anti-tank gun one hundred yards ahead of them. There was another crash and this time the tank rocked.

"They think we're German," George said, appalled at the thought and its implications. He began to perspire profusely.

"Put your head out and wave to them. Show them we're friendly."

George considered the suggestion and dismissed it instantly. The last shell had gone right through four inches of armour-plate.

"Turn around. We're going back."

"Back where?"

George had no intention of stopping to figure that out now. The tank lurched as Sam tugged on one of the tiller bars without slackening speed. A third shot bounced off the hull. When they were headed back in the direction from which they had come Sam pushed the accelerator to the floor.

George put his eye to the periscope. The battle was still in progress and evidently thriving. There were a lot of tanks in it. One more probably wouldn't be noticed.

"Drive right in among them," he told Sam. "Try to act as though we'd been there all along."

"In there?" Sam sounded doubtful. "All that smoke isn't coming from camp fires, George."

"We'll be all right. We've got armour."

"Not where that draught's blowing in on my knees, we haven't."

It was suddenly too late to do anything about it. A dense cloud of powder smoke and exhaust fumes filled

Illustrations by Illingworth

the turret. George coughed and spluttered. He could see nothing through the periscope. The tank grounded to a jolting halt.

"We might bump into somebody," Sam explained over the intercom. "We're taking enough chances without that."

George waited tensely, expecting at every minute to see, hear, and probably feel a six-pounder slug coming through the hall of the turret. It was like standing at the bottom of an elevator shaft waiting for the elevator to fall.

Sam was saying something to him, but Sam's voice sounded strange and indistinct. "*Achtung! Achtung!*" Sam was saying.

Then Sam was asking in puzzled tones, "What'd you say, George? Speak clearer."

George snapped alert. He said, "Shut up, Sam," and listened intently. The strange voice was speaking German, and speaking over the radio. The blown tube was evidently all right again. "Number Seventeen Squadron will withdraw five hundred metres and then renew the attack," the voice said. "The enemy is disorganised. One more assault and they are crushed."

George lit his lighter and searched for some way of disconnecting the intercom. from the rest of the set. He found a switch eventually and spoke to Sam.

"That was for us, Sam. They want us to withdraw and renew the attack."

"What attack? We haven't attacked anybody."

George explained.

Sam said, "I don't like it. Those guys that are going to get crushed, they're our guys."

"You want us to stay here all by ourselves with everybody shooting at us?"

"I wouldn't like that, either," Sam said, starting the engine.

George thought hard and Sam was quiet as they turned and followed the squadron of black-crossed tanks out of the battle. Five hundred yards away the squadron wheeled at the commander's orders, which George translated and passed on to Sam. The commander gave the word to attack.

George said, "Here we go, Sam."

"Gee, our poor fellows!"

"What can we do?" George peered through the periscope. The tanks they were attacking were smaller and fewer, though rallying bravely to meet the onslaught. The commander was right; it couldn't last long.

"They use that radio to pass orders, George?"

"That's right. It's the only way they can pass them in a battle without standing up and getting killed."

"You could sing them some songs."

"Songs? Like what?"

"Like 'St. Louis Blues.' I could listen, too, and I like that one."

George began singing "St. Louis Blues." He was rather proud of his voice, and he put lots of feeling into the rendition.

Excited voices in German tried to break in on him. He kept on singing.

"Static," Sam said cheerfully. "Let's have the 'Prisoner's Song.' It makes me homesick."

George sang the 'Prisoner's Song' with the commander's oaths as an obligato. He glanced through the periscope. Already the squadron was showing definite signs of confusion.

Sam said, "Ask for requests. People always like that."

George sang all the songs he could think of and then Sam suggested that he could recite nursery rhymes. George recited several. The confusion was deepening into disorder and the commander's voice growing shriller and shriller.

"Excitable type," Sam commented. "Give them the story of your life."

Obligingly, George began, "I was born of poor but honest parents and early showed a talent for hanging paper and my childish companions. . . ."

The commander had had enough. "Number Seventeen Squadron will retire," the order came over the set. "Rendezvous south of the village."

"What'd he say, George? Didn't he like that part about the paper?"

"He said we're retiring."

"Tell him that's okay with me. I was getting sort of tired of this."

"Retiring to the village. We'll have a little get-together there and find out who was queering the radio set."

"Oh, oh. That's us, eh, George?"

"That's us."

"Maybe we better go home instead, eh, George?"

George said, "Sure. You just stick your head out and ask our boys to let us through. Show them we're friendly."

"Oh, that. I'd forgotten." Sam was quiet for a while. "We going to spend the rest of our lives in this mobile sardine tin, George? It's stuffy."

George said, "I don't know."

"I'd always sort of dreamed of a home and kids, George."

"Then you better get us rolling."

"Where to, George?"

"To the village. If we stay here we'll get shot."

He put the tank in low gear and began nudging the gun. It resisted briefly, and then rolled over . . .

"We'll get shot there, too. Against a wall or something."

"Get going. I'll think of a way."

Sam said, "You'd better think about something nice. It may be your last chance," but he started the tank and turned it around to follow the retreating squadron.

George thought hard but with no particular success. (*Continued on p.* 64)

The "Peace Coach" crossing Rochester Bridge, bringing the good news to London of the victory of Waterloo

The Good News Came...

—by Frigate and Coach

By C. Fox Smith

THE scene—a sunlit slope of the South Downs. The time—early afternoon on a day of late June. The year—eighteen hundred and fifteen. . . .

Old Tom Baverstock, bending to his scythe in the sweet-scented hay, straightens his back as the church clock chimes two and looks beneath his hand along the white ribbon of road hugging the curve of the down.

"Time 'er was comin' along," he mutters to himself.

And sure enough here "'er" comes, heralded and almost hidden by a cloud of white dust; for the road, axle deep in mud after rain, is now thick with fine chalk. Here "'er" comes, with jangle of chains and creak of leather—the London mail whose passing is one of the events of the day in this quiet corner of Hampshire.

Old Tom's wits move slowly enough where anything but his scythe is concerned; but as he watches her coming even he realizes that something uncommon is afoot, for the coach is adorned with dusty garlands of laurel.

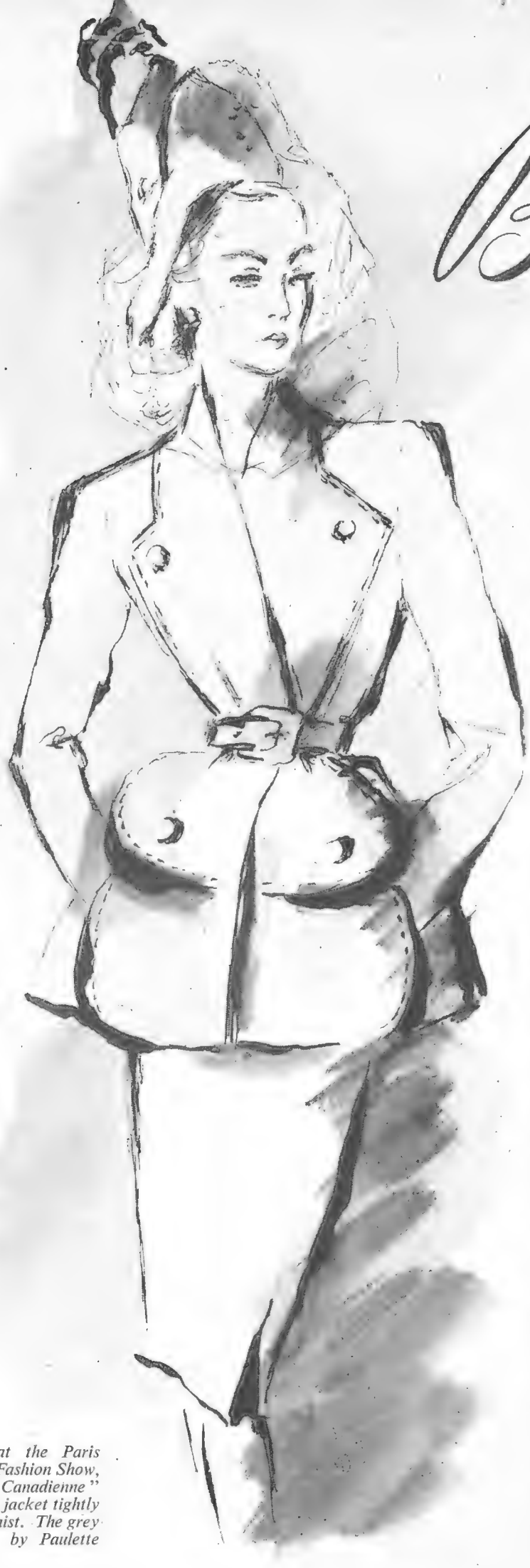
The coach pulls up at the "Roebuck," and old Tom starts off at the shambling trot of a man who habitually carries two pounds of chalky loam on each foot, to join the little group that has gathered round—Bob the ostler, two or three customers from the bar, the landlord and the landlord's wife, and the girl from the kitchen, all regardless of the smell of burning pastry that drifts out through the open door.

For the news is that which will lift the Great Shadow for good and all from this pleasant countryside—remove, too, the phantom of Invasion from these shores for nigh a century and a half to come . . . the news of Waterloo!

BEFORE that news had penetrated to the English countryside, the gradual process of the healing of the scars of war had already begun; and the unconquerable grass had thrust up its first blades among the crescent hoof prints of the charging cavalry. For in those days news still travelled slowly. Transmission had, indeed, altered but little since the runner Pheidippides, the miles beneath his feet "a field that the fire runs through," sped from Marathon to Athens and died with the news of victory on his lips. The speed of a runner—the speed of a horse—the speed of sails or of oars—these are things which change but little through the centuries, and it is strange to reflect that it was on (*Continued on page* 51)

The London to Bath coach halts at "The Red Lion," Hungerford. Reading out the news from the "Gazette" of the result of the meeting of representatives of Great Britain, Austria, Russia and Prussia at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle

(These two prints are reproduced by kind permission of The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1)



Sketched at the Paris Liberation Fashion Show, Piguet's "Canadienne" suit with its jacket tightly belted at waist. The grey felt hat is by Paulette

Back

Even before the Fire, Fog and War have cleared, Women are fiercely, their Wish to Return

PARIS, mid-January, 1945.

Long queues shiver outside the bakers' shops, waiting for a scant bread ration. In house and hotel alike, people shiver in unwarmed rooms. The electricity supply has failed for lack of coal, there are no candles, and so after nightfall houses have no light. Newspapers, cut to a 12-inch single sheet, report deaths from cold among old people and children.

But in this snowy, suffering, hungry Paris, heat and power are found to produce a de luxe edition of one of their fashion magazines and, blowing on their fingers in their icy offices and salons, the couturiers work over excitant designs and plans for a spring collection which they hope will, through news, pictures and eager gossip in the meeting places of the rich and great, remind people, from Los Angeles to London, Cairo to Canberra, and Bombay to Buenos Aires and Bolton, that the world fashion centre is once again at the old stand, open, and ready for business.

An interesting high light on the fact that glamour is a human need, too: that it is a commodity in fierce demand and short supply; and that it is inextricably and intricately mixed up with the future of a France in the process of a most painful phœnix-rise from the ashes of its old, dead self.

Pre-war, fashion was the third French export. But indirectly it was a couple of aces and the joker in the French pack. It sustained wool, rayon and silk industries at a sales-and-job capacity far exceeding the demand of the French domestic market. It was a mainstay of Paris and its luxury hotels, a chief bait for the long-pocketed tourist traffic. It also linked up, through the names and sales-organizations of famous fashion houses, with fashion accessories, the real and artificial-jewel industry, cosmetics and the chemical industry, and a great perfume industry utilizing alcohol, oil, wax, pomades, exotic herbs, fancy glassware and cartons, and thousands of tons of carefully cultivated flower and fruit blossoms.

More simply, it was geared to the world sex-and-romance business. But between the Fall and the Liberation of France much has happened to this business, pre-war the fastest-growing, and potentially the world's biggest international business. The British, fashion-industry rivals of France in the truce between the two world wars, have been energetically muscling in in North and South America. And the Americans, abruptly cut off from the Seine-city, the traditional creative-ideas source, have been developing ideas of their own, along with plans for world fashion centres in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

Paris, alarmed, and knowing from the experience of two centuries as world fashion leader just what the glamour business means, is swallowing aspirins for its innumerable liberation headaches, and hastily tucking up its best skirt for the Battle of Glamour. Victory, or even a fair share of the world loot

To Luxury

By C. Patrick Thompson

Thunder of showing frankly, even to Luxury and Glamour

promising, will pay for the reconstruction of war-smashed railways and factories, and the rehabilitation of industry.

It's less a question of regaining a lost market, as of getting the lion's share of an immensely larger post-war market. For authorities reckon that the post-war glamour market will compare to pre-war as the old field-gun compares to the rocket-bomb. Signs of the piling-up of the biggest-ever glamour boom are accumulating every week.

The first signs appeared when uniformed Service women were allowed to use lipstick, and face-powder was supplied for sale in NAAFI canteens. They became plainer when it was officially stated that cosmetics are a morale necessity for women war workers, much as an extra cheese ration is a physical necessity for a man on heavy labour.

Since D-Day, the signs have multiplied. Look around—you can't escape them. They gleam, flare and sparkle through all the smoke and fume of war.

Glance at the papers between D-Day and Rundstedt's counter-attack. There's an almost pathological interest in what has been going on behind the Occupation blackout in the Paris fashion centre. Then look at the *Times* Personal column. Offers of and requests for champagnes and brandy have been replaced by offers of and hungry demands for French perfumes. Somebody wants "Coty or Chanel," and somebody else, "Guerlain's Vol de Nuit, Jicky or No. 90." A 2-oz. vial of Chanel No. 5 is offered for £10, and a sealed bottle of Paquin "Old Panama" (it sounds like a rum) for £5.

Sir John Anderson doubles the purchase tax on hair-drying and hair-waving appliances, putting them in the same category as silk dresses, furs, perfumery, cosmetics and ornaments. It has no damning effect on sales, which continue to rise. Hairdressers and beauty parlours could double their space and staffs and still not be able to take care of all their clients. One of the leading British perfume manufacturers is working to capacity in all branches and paying for its 1944 financial year E.P.T. equivalent to its total paid-up capital.

All this is happening without any competitive or high-pressure advertising. Demand is exceeding supply in all glamour sections.

In the cathedral at Seville, Prince Pedro of Orleans-Braganza marries Princess Esperanza de Bourbon Segura. The women's toilettes are astonishing, quite apart from the fact that they thrust between the observer's eye and history's biggest war. It is not a matter of furs, long white gloves, and jewels. The interest lies in the bold and (*Continued on page* 51)

Two dresses presented by Lucien Lelong at the first Paris fashion show held after its liberation. (Above) Light blue "Birlingot" afternoon dress, with buttons of the same material rimmed with gold metal. (On left) A black crepe dinner dress. A long tie sash behind forms part of the dress in front. The sleeves are very long, and shirred from elbow to wrist

ALL the world knows of the heroism and losses suffered by the British merchant seaman; now the world is being given the material side of the picture.

Recently the Admiralty has, by fits and starts, lifted the veil on the losses of the ships the merchant seaman has served.

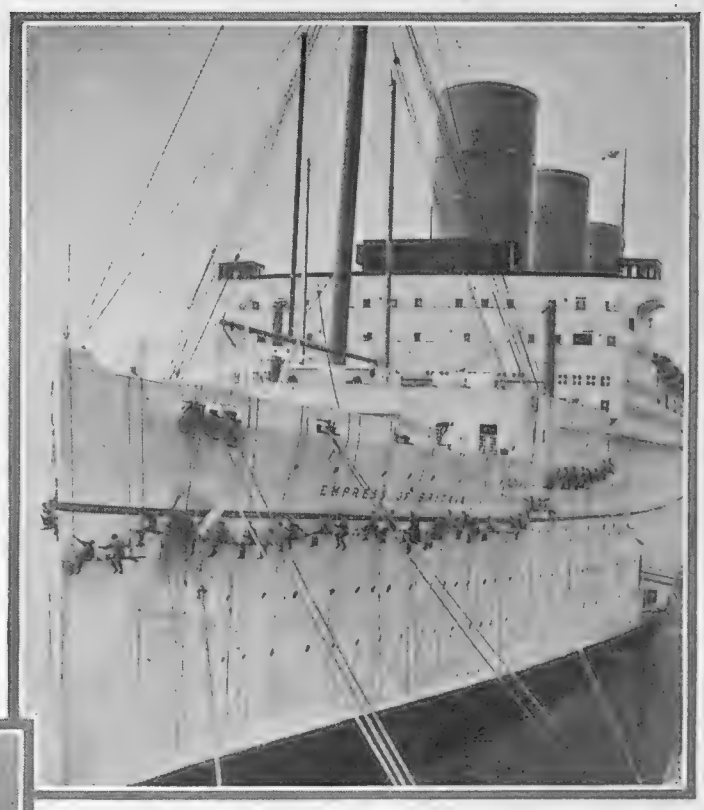
One after another the great shipping lines have been allowed to disclose their war records to date. It is a story of one beautiful liner after another gone to the bottom of the ocean, some of them sent to their grave even before they ever enjoyed their honeymoons as passenger vessels.

The actual figures of British shipping losses are still a little clouded, but it is safe to assume that we have 4,000,000 tons less than the 17,500,000 we had at the start of the war, and this despite the 5,000,000 tons of new shipping we have launched since 1939.

Perhaps time will show that that year saw the close of the Golden Age of the passenger liner, although if you had said that to a merchant seaman in 1939 he would probably have told you to "tell it to the marines."

What Sort of Future for the Floating Liner?

By Gordon Beckles



The 45,000-ton C.P.R. liner "Empress of Britain." This was the first of Britain's post-war big ships, having entered service in 1931

The Cunard liner "Queen Mary" off New York. Not a floating palace so much as three or four 20,000 tonners rolled into one

The first move was by the Canadian Pacific and the Cunard. Their first entries were 20,000-tonners, of the Duchess and Franconia class. The C.P.R. built four Duchess ships; two are now at the bottom of the sea, together with the 45,000-ton *Empress of Britain*, first of Britain's post-war big ships, having entered service in 1931.

Gradually, the shape of the liner-to-come began to form; it was to be a little over 20,000 tons, and the White Star won great success with its *Georgic* and *Britannic* of 27,000 tons, the first big British motor ships. Then came the Americans' most ambitious venture, they, too, having been handicapped by German. (*Continued on page 52*)

Yet whatever time may show, it is certain that British liner fleets must face the problems of peace so depleted that they can build for the future and not be hamstrung as they were after the last war.

The problem of the passenger-line owner now is the same as it was in 1919: what size of ship should I build, knowing that whatever my choice, it cannot be in service for three years or so and that its cost must be justified by a life of at least twenty years?

The Atlantic, which is the fighting cockpit of the liner, was for a decade after 1918 largely governed by Germany.

The two biggest British lines serving the Atlantic were embarrassed by out-of-date German ships acquired as part of war reparations. These ships included the vast *Majestic*, the *Berengaria* and the *Homeric*. To the third line, the Canadian Pacific, went (among other vessels) the *Empress of Scotland* and the *Empress of Australia*. Thus the shipowners, unable to look gift-horses in the mouth, were forced to adopt a supine policy and by the end of the first decade even see the pool swept up by Germany's crack new ships, the *Bremen* and *Europa*.

But all the time they were still asking the question: Which is the best vessel to build for the new travelling public? Is the day of super-luxury over? Is there a solid demand for a cheaper sort of travel? Shall we build ships with Ritz grills and Turkish baths, or ships with many cheap cabins?

The Orient liner "Orcades." This ship of 23,000 tons was as fine as anything serving the far Eastern ports

The new "Mauretania" is, as far as the Atlantic is concerned, the ideal liner. Designed as a 34,000-ton ship, it has all the space and comforts that any one could desire. She made her maiden voyage in 1939

THE five-inch guns were speaking sharply, regularly. There was a sudden burst of light; a terrific concussion. The "Humber" paused, then picked up angrily as smoke rose from the fore-deck. A hit

A Story Of The Royal Canadian Navy

Yea, There Are Four

By Alec Rackowe

THE destroyer *Humber*, with a commission even newer than that of Sub-Lieutenant David Ames, R.C.N.V.R., pitched in the choppy North Atlantic as if she had no taste for it.

As the watch changed the skipper came from the chart room into the pilot house. A spate of rain blurred the glass of the ports and the wipers began to sweep regularly back and forth, but the rain was gone almost as quickly as it had come.

Lieutenant-Commander Peters was broad-shouldered and tall. So tall that he stooped somewhat as big men will. His eyes were red and there was a frost of grey at his temples. He didn't look like the pictures of Hank Peters back at Queens. The Hank Peters who had torn holes in the U. of T. line for three successive years.

He wore a grey pullover and his jacket was unbuttoned. His cap sat to one side of his head and he took the salutes impersonally, his eyes just touching Davy, his head slightly bent as if he were listening for some new sound the *Humber* would think up.

Two of a kind, Davy Ames thought disconsolately. Me and the *Humber*. Washouts both.

Lieutenant Thomas, the O.D., said: "Steering two-five-zero, gyro. Checking two-six-five magnetic, sir."

"Very good, Mr. Thomas." The skipper stepped out to the starboard wing and Davy followed. Being the skipper's aide wasn't the fun he had hoped. The rain-fresh air was wet and heavy. With spray beating against the dodger you couldn't hear the sounds the *Humber* was making.

Out here, off the shipping lanes, the sea was empty. The *Humber* headed for home, apparently not the least concerned that she was in disgrace; that her attitude seemed contagious. Ever since the crew had come from the receiving ship; ever since the *Humber* had gone out beyond Newfoundland for her trials and her preparations for active service she had brought nothing but a welter of accident and incident that had only served to intensify the lack of homogeneity in the crew.

Everything possible had gone wrong. Six casualties in the engine room; confusion over the phones. A green crew that remained green, with enmities that grew worse instead of clearing up as the men got used to their new home. The firing tests had practically shaken loose the after deck house. The *Humber* had limped back to Halifax indifferently and the crew had already begun to speak of her with mock respect as Mrs. Jonah.

Captain Peters lowered his binoculars. "Stand by, Mr. Ames. Keep your eyes peeled."

"Aye, aye, sir." Davy didn't watch the skipper go. He moved the length of the dodger, from wing to wing, glad to be by himself. He wasn't in favour. He hadn't fitted in any better than the boots in the crew. He still felt himself on sufferance in the wardroom. He still was certain he wasn't making good.

The *Humber* pitched and rolled. Not jauntily, but protestingly. They'd ironed the bugs out of her at the yard. She'd

pushed on up to St. John's to join the flotilla on convoy duty. Three days out of St. John's she'd been called on for a few extra revs and she'd developed a shake in her port shaft that threatened to spring every plate from her frame. The Captain D had ordered her back to the yard. And here she was easing back, a bitter taste in every mouth for'ard and nothing but dissension aft.

"Oh damn," Davy said. He leaned on the dodger and looked out at the heaving, grey-green sea.

He'd come aboard with such high hopes. His first ship and her skipper a hero even in a service where heroes were plentiful. He'd reported in Halifax and he'd blessed his double-dosed luck. A brand-new ship and Sarah Jane James a dime's journey away. A nickel on the trolley and the other nickel on the bus. A man couldn't ask for more than that.

He muttered "Damn" again and moved to the port wing, then turned and came back to starboard.

SARAH JANE. She was slim and dark, with grey eyes and cloudy black hair. A gleam of white teeth between red lips. As trim as the *Humber* had looked the first time Davy laid eyes on his new ship. As lovely and as heart-breaking.

He'd met Sarah Jane in Montreal. She was barely seventeen then and Davy nineteen. At a commander's tea. Someone had said: "Miss James, this is Midshipman Ames," and Davy had known right away that Sarah Jane was his one and only.

She wasn't Navy as most the Ameses had been for generations. She was Society. She'd come down with an older sister, Emily. The sister was very smooth. Rotos and gossip columns. But Sarah Jane was different. She hadn't yet made her debut. She'd come down for several parties. Davy had educated her in navy tradition; showed her around. A grand girl. His girl.

It wasn't something you talked about; put into words. It was enough to feel as he did about her. To hear her laughing voice; catch the gleam of her smile, the sidewise glance of her grey eyes. He had her picture in a silver frame. He wrote her when he was at sea on his training cruise.

He hadn't begun to doubt until he went to Sarah Jane's coming-out party. It was very swank. There were more black and whites than he had seen at any one time. Pretty girls and not-so-pretty girls in colourful frocks and lads in tails who knew one another and looked at him as if he was an oddity in his blues.

That was the first time he'd felt any doubt. Sarah Jane was as nice as ever, but she smiled on the others and he had known jealousy and hurt. He hadn't shown it. He'd danced with innumerable girls; hated being seated at a table so far from Sarah Jane at supper. But he'd begun to doubt; to wonder and question.

He hadn't seen so much of Sarah Jane after that. He called her when he got to Halifax. She always had time to see him, but seldom alone. The sister held open house at the James's apartment, and there were lots of uniforms whenever Davy hove up. Uniforms who seemed to be more interested in Sarah Jane than in Emily.

It was all very gay and artificial, too. You didn't carry your heart on your sleeve. You didn't even say what you meant in clear understandable words. You camouflaged. You double-talked the way every one else did. You grinned and thought of wise things to say because that was the way it was done. And you didn't let Sarah Jane see how it set you on your beam ends.

He'd welcomed that stay in the yard after the trials. He was in the throes then and the thought of Sarah Jane tortured him. But it hadn't been any fun. Sarah Jane was as friendly as ever, but that was as far as it went.

He'd called her as soon as he could. Heard her light voice a few seconds after the butler had answered the phone. "Hello, sailor. How's the sea?"

"Restless—like me." Making it light and careless when the very sound of her voice shook him. "Got time to see a less-than-the-duster?"

"Always time for the Services, Mr. Ames. Hold it a sec." And then: "How about meeting me at the Scotid at five?"

"Can do," Davy said. He'd hung up and gone out of the bustling yard into the bright of Barrington Street. The trolleys rumbled past the drab shops and the streets were dour and ancient, hopeless in the summer sunlight.

He'd got to the Scotid early. Sat in the lobby. He was aching to see Sarah Jane because the *Humber* had left her mark on him and he longed for Sarah as a thirsty man longs for a drink of cool water.

She'd come as he stood up, slim and tanned in his whites, the gold stripe on his epaulets clean and new. Fair haired, blue eyed, square jawed. He'd watched her come in a grey dress that clung to the warm lines of her body; a wisp of hat on her cloudy hair and three uniforms alongside of her. Putting out her hand: "Davy, how nice——" and then introducing the escort.

It had sent his spirits down into his boots and afterwards it wasn't any better. Dropping in at the James's apartment and finding crowds there—always a uniform or three. Getting the sister's speculative eye; hearing her say once: "Sarah, he's cute. Loan him to me some night when Buzz is around."

He didn't know which one was Buzz. He didn't try to find out. There was Smitty who was a squadron leader in the Air Force and Dutch who was Army Relations. There were others and he couldn't help but feel, even as he smiled and cracked back at cracks, that he was just another. It wasn't any good. Because he'd never feel about any other girl as he did about Sarah Jane, and if he couldn't depend on her she wasn't for him. Not for a moment.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

He'd settled it, though, when he flushed his last date with her—stood her up.

It wasn't intentional. He'd been going round in circles. Unhappy about his work and the *Humber*; unhappy about Sarah Jane and the way things were turning out. He never got a chance to talk to her alone. He told her so at some dumb dance he'd accompanied her to, with three other uniforms doing much better than he with the small talk.

He'd got her to himself the only way he could—on the dance floor. He'd looked down into her heart-shaped face, hoping no swab would cut in before he'd had his say. "Look here, Sarah Jane, when can a man get to see you alone?" Smiling, tossing it off lightly because every one seemed to shy from serious talk.

. She'd laughed up at him. "Why, Davy, I thought you loved being with lots of people after a ship's confinement."

"I love apple pie, too," Davy said. "But sometimes I like just an apple without the pie—or the cooking."

Sarah Jane dimpled. "All right, mister. Suppose you meet me to-morrow. At the Museum. Make it noon. No one will ever run into us there. We can have lunch. I haven't a real date until three."

It wasn't much. That date at three rankled, but it was something. It was a chance to talk to her; to look at her. To get back perhaps something of that feeling, that sureness that had been between them in Montreal.

Then he'd got back to the docks and he'd found the yard gang gone, the crew clearing up and all shore leave washed out.

He hadn't had a chance to phone Sarah Jane because you couldn't do that. You couldn't phone any one. It was as good as saying "We're putting out," and someone might hear who wasn't supposed to.

At noon that next day he was following Lieutenant Small, the gunnery officer, on

HER hands rose in a gesture. "Oh, Davy, where do you think? I thought you had forgotten Montreal. I thought you'd changed".

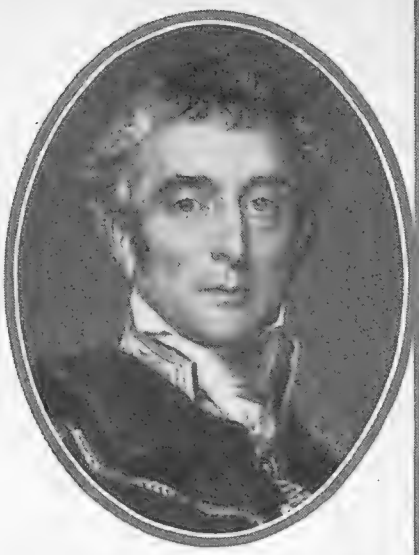
his rounds. Learning the job as every probbie must—being aide to all the staff from skipper to X.O., to gunnery and communications. He'd thought of Sarah Jane, sitting in the Museum. He'd writhed and then he'd thought: What's it matter? I'd probably have got serious and been put in my place. Maybe it's better like this. For, of course, she was furious and she'd written him off. Then Lieutenant Small said, caustically: "Could I ask the favour of your attention, Mr. Ames?" and that was another black mark against him.

He let his breath go. The *Humber* fought the choppy sea. Not too many hours from now they'd be moving out of the harbour. The scattered cluster of Dartmouth buildings would be hazy to port. Bells would ring below and the *Humber* lose headway. Far across the teeming yard he would see the red brick walls. The yard men would take over, warping the *Humber* once more into the graving dock.

Steam would rise from the winches; riveting machines clatter. There might be an American or even French cruiser sitting in one of the jetties, scarred with battle as the untouched, unworthy *Humber* settled down for a long stay; the towering cranes reaching for her two-toned blue. But he wouldn't drop a nickel. He wouldn't phone Sarah Jane James. He knew now he couldn't count on her and in the Navy you had to be able to.

WHEN he came off watch he washed up and went into the wardroom. A game of darts was going on. Lieutenant Small and Lieutenant Kriss, the engineering officer, were smoking moodily. Davy poured himself a cup from the nearest of the Silexes. He was junior of even the juniors and he wasn't too comfortable. Maybe it wasn't entirely himself that engendered their attitude; maybe it was everything. But a bit on his part as well. It was a good thing tradition banned any talk of politics, religion or women in the wardroom. Otherwise someone might have asked what sort of dish was making him left handed on the starboard side as well.

He got to his feet with the rest when Captain Peters came in, stooping his head. The skipper said: "Relax." He went over to pour himself some java. He could have had that on the bridge. The eyes on him were watchful (*Continued on page* 54)



The Duke of Wellington. It was said of him: "A patient, defensive general who will search out the first appropriate ridge from behind the crown of which he may give his infantry a field of fire down the slope." So it was to the end at Waterloo

On left: Field Marshal Karl Von Rundstedt, C.-in-C. of the German forces in the West. His face has its message. It bespeaks the perfect Prussian general, so aloof as to be hardly human, tolerant of any horror as long as it helps operations. A large portrait of him hangs beside that of Rommel in Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's room

Why Face And Character Count

By Ferdinand Tuohy

LET us imagine that Lieutenant Winston Churchill continued in the 4th Hussars in the nineties and that to-day, having risen to the rank of field marshal, he commands an army group on the western front, an elderly but still lively soldier. Let us further imagine that in the middle of a major battle Field Marshal Churchill has assumed command of two additional armies on his flank, that for ten days past the enemy has been proclaiming that he knows all about it, but that our Supreme Command refuses to make any announcement one way or the other.

"What the heck!" says the war correspondent. "The Germans know it. We know it. What's the game in sitting on it? It's time the public knew who's commanding their men!"

He tells them and is sacked. Why?

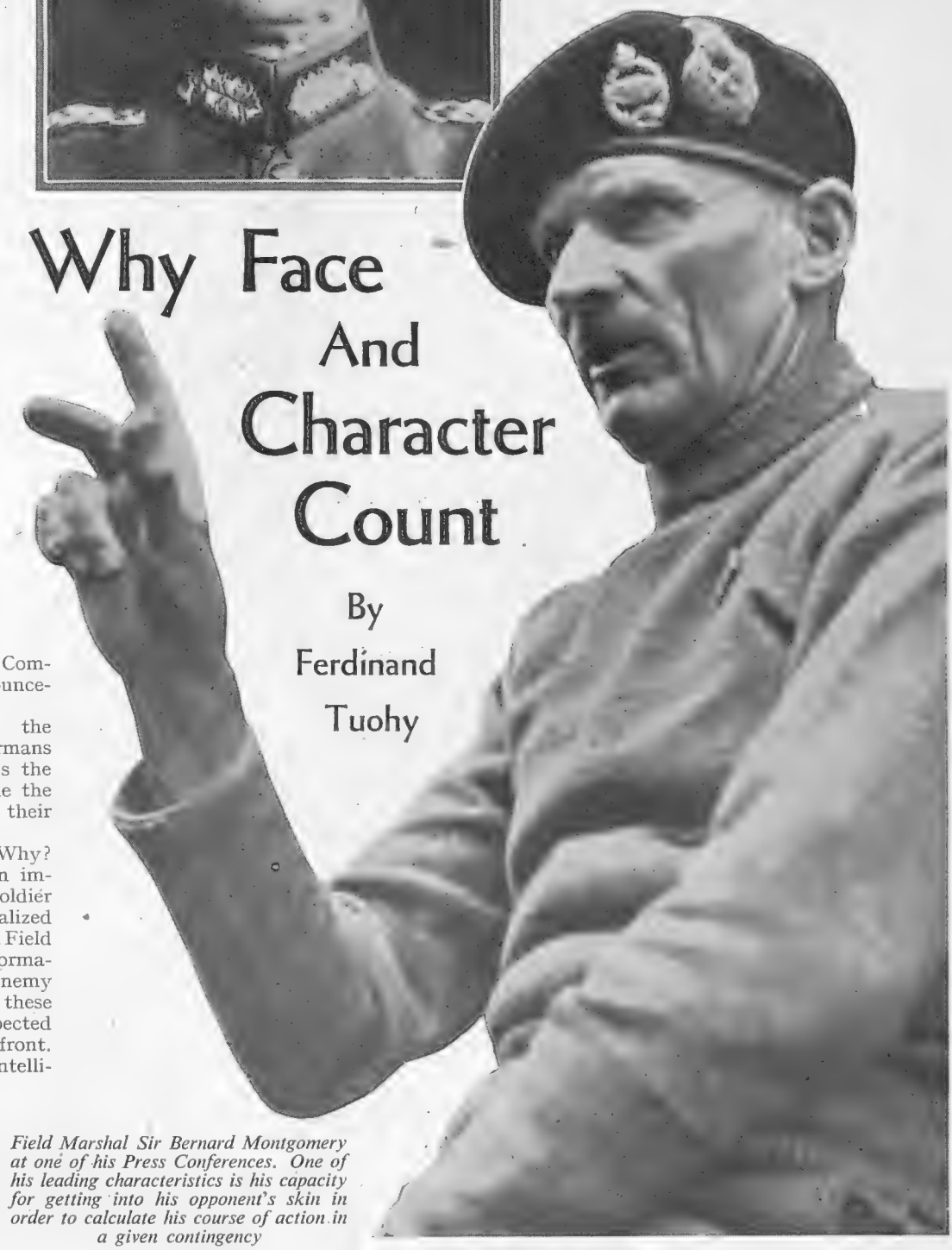
Because the assumption of an important new command by a soldier with individual methods as specialized and as well known as those of Field Marshal Churchill might be information of the greatest value to the enemy at the height of a battle, when these particular methods could be expected to appear at new points of the front.

For of course the enemy "Intelligence" had kept up a steady file relating to F.M. Churchill and his ways in war and now they could turn to it in relation to vital sectors of the battle line. There are one or two salient passages they would lengthily digest:—

"Churchill thinks that textbooks are all very well up to a point, but that craft and foresight are imperative. And one should go all out on stratagem, manoeuvre, and device. He hates the hammering war of attrition and thinks that very often an enemy can be defeated by some novel expedient, 'some queer, swift, unexpected thrust or stratagem' (his own words in his *World Crisis*). Furthermore, in C.'s view, a battle means bringing together all one's resources for concentration on the enemy in a single episode. The route to success lies with scale and intensity operating inside a limited period.

"Rapidity and intensity at the outset are essentials. Brevity and finality are the aim." "Run greater risks for a shorter time," says Churchill, who admires Napoleon who, before his battles, laid hold of every man and stick within reach, content with nothing but the absolute maximum which human power could command, after which he was quite ready to accept risks at points away from his assault.

"Another thing about C. is that he will have the courage to call off an attack early on, if it is failing. But his chief characteristic as a soldier is his worship of 'the Goddess Surprise' which, however, becomes harder to woo with each fresh man and gun you add. This places him opposite his chief (*Continued on page* 61)

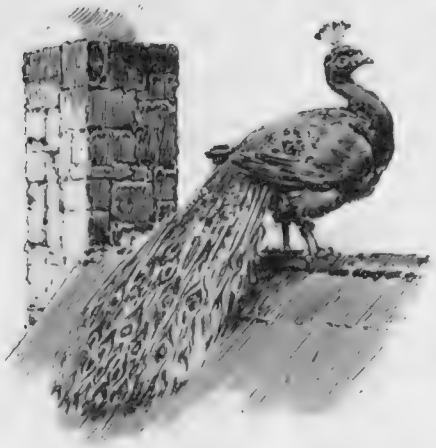


Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery at one of his Press Conferences. One of his leading characteristics is his capacity for getting into his opponent's skin in order to calculate his course of action in a given contingency

Old Tales Re-told

Ned Kelly and His Band of Australian Bushrangers

Written and Illustrated By F. Matania, R.I.



The best sentinel of all was a peacock which perched night and day on the roof of the Quinns' house

AFTER reading extensive descriptions of the exploits of some of the famous brigands and outlaws of criminal history, one wonders why it is that human brains capable of subtle and cunning work in baffling detection, fighting against heavy odds and escaping the law, are unable to realise the impossibility of enjoying in peace the fruits of their labours. It is true that some rogues find refuge in the labyrinth of great cities, and by assuming a disguise have been able to live on their ill-gotten gains for the rest of their lives. But in the main, if we take the classical type of outlaw who infests unsettled countries, steals cattle, holds up coaches, robs banks and terrorises the pioneers, we see that they were obliged to live in lonely caves and forests, far away from any centre of civilisation where they could spend their money in comfort.

Apart from the physical privations they were forced to endure, there was the mental strain of having to be perpetually on the alert night and day. They gambled with their lives every time the necessity of obtaining provisions took them to the nearest township. Yet, blinded by vanity and belief in their own courage and resource, they risked everything for the gratification of getting in a few hours what others achieved by years of toil. They refused to be guided by the dictates of common sense. The poison was in their blood. One of the most outstanding examples of ruthless outlawry is provided by the exploits of the Kelly family and their confederates in Australia.

As recently as in 1878, the authorities were still struggling to suppress these bandits. For two years they employed their most daring and determined officers and offered fabulous rewards, laying their net over hundreds of miles; yet they were consistently defied by the Kellys, who had a genius for suddenly vanishing into thin air and also seemed impervious to bullets. The explanation of the latter attribute is that they often wore metallic armour, after the fashion of the twelfth-century Crusaders.

It was the discovery of gold that attracted people in 1851 to Melbourne. The mere rumour that rich ground had been found somewhere or other provoked a rush of thousands of hopeful prospectors, and in a couple of weeks a township would spring up, complete with hotels, bars, shops and stores. It was a fluctuating population, for the majority of those who managed to scrape up a

The Kelly band of bushrangers. Reading from left to right are Joe Byrne, Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly and Steve Hart. This sketch has been constructed from actual photographic records

pound or two of gold went back to Melbourne to squander their treasure in various ways and sometimes to get married.

A procession of these marriage parties filled the Melbourne streets all day long. They lasted only as long as the gold held out, and usually when it was finished the husbands disappeared, with the result that women got married over and over again to a series of different men, under the tolerant eye of the Law.

Despite the fact that many of these pioneers were adventurers of the lowest sort, there was nevertheless a majority of honest men whose only interest was prospecting for gold. The only frequent crime among them was digging without a licence, which cost thirty shillings. But as time went on the centres of industry became better organised and equipped, people got richer—and so the outlaw made his appearance. Burglaries and bank robberies became more frequent. In 1858 there were several murders, and bandits such as Brooks, Billy the Puntman, grew notorious. Then came the most famous one so far, Power, the brilliant and cunning hold-up man, who could keep at bay single-handed a considerable number of people.

Power employed a boy to work for him. This boy he often described as timid and unenterprising; but the lad must have privately profited by his master's teaching, for he was Ned Kelly, the man who, in time, became leader of the Kelly band and whose record far overshadowed that of any other outlaw of his day.

His father was a notorious criminal, transported from Ireland and married to a woman every inch his equal. She belonged to a family of thieves named Quinn. They had many children. At the time of our story there were three sons, Ned, Dan and Jim, and four daughters, Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Skillian, Grace and Kate. When Kelly died, Ned was nine years old and already acquainted with every ruse of cattle-stealing. Later, under the guidance of his mother, he turned his attention to horse-stealing, and made a rich profit by hiding them until a reward was offered and then returning them with an air of bland innocence.

When the younger brother, Dan, grew up, he became Ned's inseparable partner. There was a striking difference between the two. Ned was full of bravado, noisy and talkative, always ready for an open fight. Dan, on the contrary, was silent, cynical and sinister.

By the end of 1877 they had formed a band of four, the other two being Steve Hart, a boy of eighteen, and Joe Byrne, another youth, only twenty-one, who had taken to crime in spite of having

Aaron Sherritt, at the risk of his life, called on the Byrnes, as he was engaged to one of the daughters. He was accused of giving information to the police and the girl broke off their engagement

Very often the Kelly band wore metallic armour, after the fashion of the twelfth-century Crusaders, which made them impervious to bullets

had a good education. These three families between them owned large ranches set in wild, mountainous country, in which they were able to move from place to place and evade arrest.

But one April day in 1878 an officer of the police was wounded by Ned, his mother was arrested and imprisoned and a reward of £100 offered for any information leading to the capture of Ned and Dan. An informer, whose name is omitted from the records, suggested to Sergeant Kennedy, one of the best men in the Australian police, that he should search the Wombat ranges.

So Kennedy chose three men to go with him through the dense bush. When they reached the spot they pitched their camp, and after a night's rest Kennedy and one of his men left to explore the vicinity, confident that their reputation was enough to make the Kellys surrender peacefully.

In the afternoon, the two police officers left at the camp were surprised by the sudden appearance of four men, who covered them with double-barrelled rifles. One of the officers, caught unarmed, was obliged to put up his hands; but the other tried to hide behind a tree. A well-aimed shot caught him in the head and he fell dead. Dan Kelly was easily recognised, for, despite his youth, he already wore a long, flowing beard. He and his companions knew of the presence in the neighbourhood of the other two officers, and they ordered the helpless policeman, M'Intyre by name, to persuade them to surrender when they returned. After this they disappeared as completely as though swallowed up by the earth. All the same, M'Intyre felt that from some unseen vantage point the four guns were still covering him.

The sound of the shot echoing through the mountains induced Sergeant Kennedy and his colleague to return to camp. When they arrived, M'Intyre met them and told them they had best surrender. Kennedy had barely time to ask: "To whom?" when the four ruffians emerged and demanded their guns. Kennedy's

companion was the first to disobey. He dismounted, but was shot before he touched the ground. Kennedy slid from his horse and started to fire from behind the animal, but, frightened by the report, the horse tore away, leaving Kennedy exposed. He was immediately riddled with bullets. Kennedy's galloping horse passed near M'Intyre, who saw his chance and leapt into the saddle. Keeping his head low, he spurred his mount to its utmost speed, while bullets whistled all round him. None hit him, by good luck, and he got away.

The whole episode lasted only a couple of minutes. Three brave men had been killed, but one had escaped, and this was enough to scare the bandits, for they knew he had had a good look at their faces. From now on, their feud with the police would be deadly, for they had three murders to expiate. Their only advantage was the terror they inspired in the local people, who would now be readier than ever to protect them.

THE hue and cry spread throughout Australia. The police were censured for exposing the lives of their best officers. Travellers took roundabout routes, hundreds of miles longer, to avoid passing through the danger region. The Government increased its reward for the arrest of the outlaws to £1,000. Better weapons were obtained from Melbourne. Bank clerks were armed to the teeth, and many prisons were filled with friends and sympathisers of the bandits. Superintendent F. N. Hare was placed in charge, and given full powers to organise a thorough campaign to track down the murderers. He was shrewd enough to make friends with an odd character named Aaron Sherritt, a mixture of refinement and vice. His chief weakness was for horse-stealing. He had been educated at the same school as Joe Byrne, of the Kelly band, and they were still great friends. Besides this, Aaron had another reason for keeping in close touch with the Byrne family. He was in love with Byrne's beautiful sister, and would ride for miles to spend an hour with this girl.

The police suspected him, but Hare was impressed by Aaron's frankness and trusted him implicitly. One of his oddities was to wear a white shirt and to tuck his trousers in the tops of his high boots. The chin-strap of his hat was so shortened that it passed under his nose. None of his actions had a mercenary motive, and the reason that decided him to work for the police must have been a higher consideration than material gain. He did his utmost to convince the police that his schoolmate Byrne was not a murderer. And it was true that M'Intyre's statement confirmed the fact that Byrne did not use his gun.

He knew that he was playing a dangerous game, for the mere suspicion that he was on friendly terms with the police would have meant his end, yet he went on with his normal way of life and seldom carried arms. He visited as usual the Kellys', the Byrnes' and the Quinns' houses, which were well guarded with watchdogs and geese. The best sentinel of all was a peacock which perched night and day on the roof of the Quinns' house, and its screeches could be heard for miles whenever a stranger approached the place.

Superintendent Hare, to whom Aaron opened his heart in full confidence, was anxious to hasten the capture of the Kellys before any harm could come to Sherritt.

Towards the end of December 1878, news came that the Kelly band had robbed the bank at Euroa of nearly £2,000. For two days they had been masters of the place; they had disarmed everybody, helped themselves to whatever they wanted and then disappeared. *(Continued on p.56)*

Then a woman on horseback, dressed almost like a musketeer, appeared on the scene. She was Mrs. Skillian, Kelly's sister. When asked by the police to persuade Dan Kelly and Steve Hart to surrender, the indomitable woman retorted that she would rather see them burned alive than ask them to surrender

(On left) When the American black bears come out of hibernation in the spring they are far from being in the best of health due to the long compulsory fast. To tone themselves up these bears search out and eat certain berries and dig up large quantities of bulbs which have a laxative effect, and thus soon put themselves in condition

(Below) The powerful head and jaws of an ant. These insects appear to practise a form of elementary surgery. If an ant breaks a leg other ants will sometimes amputate the damaged limb with their razor-edged jaws

First Aid In Nature

Strange Facts on How Animals Keep Themselves Fit and Cure Themselves of Illnesses

By Frank W. Lane

Deer, when having young, will select her food as carefully as any human mother under orders from her doctor

AN experiment was once carried out in an American zoo to test the ability of a sick animal to cure itself. When an animal fell sick it was left alone in its cage, and as many as possible of the herbs, grasses and other vegetable matter which grew in the animal's natural habitat were placed within easy reach. It was found that the sick beast selected from the heap of fodder those natural medicines which were needed to cure it of its malady.

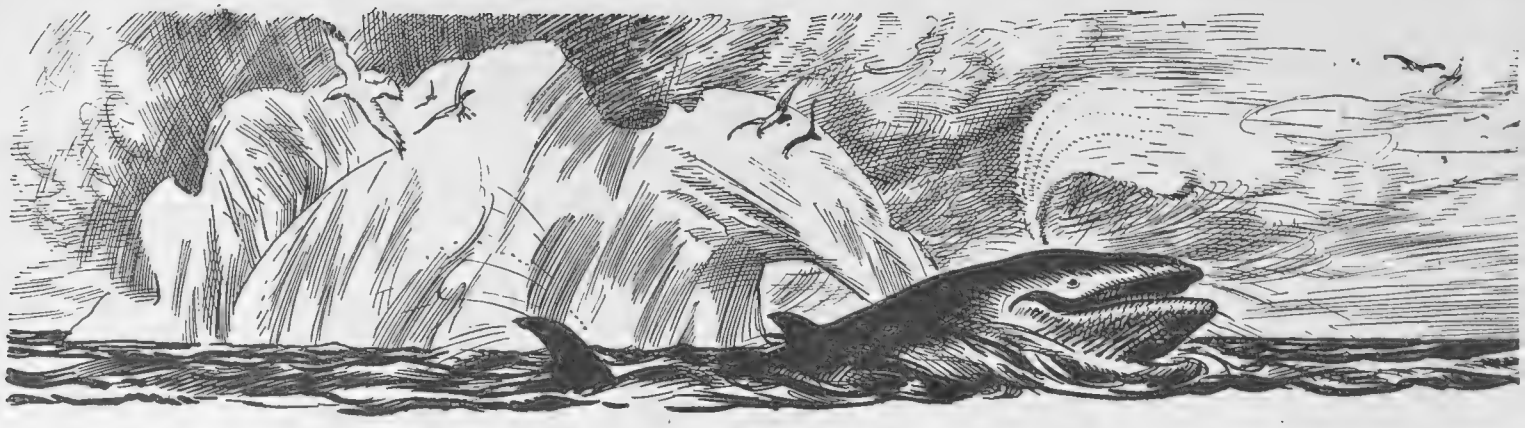
Interesting and revealing as this story is in showing animal therapeutics at work, it is quite possible that if the heap of fodder had been given to the animal earlier it would never have become sick. Surprising as it may sound, animals sometimes take preventive medicines and thus avoid ills to which they might otherwise become victims.

The professional naturalist is quite rightly hesitant to say how far this apparent far-sightedness is due to definite reasoning on the part of the animals concerned and how far it is due to "instinct"—a word which covers a multitude of things in the realm of animal psychology. But whatever the cause there appears little doubt that some animals take remarkable precautions where health is concerned.

When the American black bears come out of hibernation in the spring they are far from being in the best of health due to the long, compulsory fast, lack of all exercise and other factors inseparable from hibernation. To tone themselves up these bears search out and eat certain berries, and dig up large quantities of bulbs which have a laxative effect and thus soon put themselves in condition.

When an animal has to face a big physical (*Continued on page* 62)

(On left) Bull Elk in velvet. When animals are growing new horns they have been known to travel for miles to drink water which is high in lime which will facilitate the growing of the horns



Oscar

The Adventures of a Whale Family

By Jo Macdonald

GUSTAV was a Norwegian whale. He lived with his wife, his four sons and two daughters beside a small island in the North Atlantic not far from the port of Hammerfest. Gustav was away from home during the whaling season and he could only slip back to see his family on Sundays. His job as a whale inspector took him into all northern waters and as far west as Labrador. He patrolled, as well, the fishing stations off Spitzbergen and he even ventured into territorial waters to note the size and whereabouts of the whaling fleets. Then he would return at great speed to hand in his report to the Whale Board and a warning message would be sent out to all whales.

The Whale Board is not very widely known because the yearly meeting of its directors is held well inside the Arctic Circle and at a considerable depth. Unfortunately, the report of last year's meeting has been lost, so many interesting facts about the work of the board will have to remain undisclosed. We only heard about the Whale Board in an indirect way, but it is known to be a wonderful organization and it serves a very useful purpose—for whales.

Gustav, one of the founders, was anxious that Oscar, his eldest son, should be apprenticed to the Whale Board that summer when he left school. But Oscar was not a serious-minded boy and he secretly wanted to be an acrobat. But then, so had Gustav at Oscar's age.

The whale family lived on the sheltered side of their island where the water was beautifully clear and blue. Helga, Gustav's wife, was from Spitzbergen and she found the water off Norway almost a little too warm and relaxing. Besides, she was fond of saying, at Spitzbergen they had such good refrigeration. After the icebergs calved in the warm weather and the great lumps broke off and crumbled away into the sea, it was quite easy to take ice home to keep the food chilled. But here, in Norway, food would only keep a few days and the children were very shy about eating up leftovers.

ONE Sunday evening, when the whale family were basking in the late sunlight, after the food had been cleared away and father's report had been filed, Helga said, with a sigh: "Gustav, do you think we could manage a trip up to Spitzbergen this winter to see mother. I do feel the cool air would do your cough good."

"What dear?" said Gustav, yawning and stretching his back.

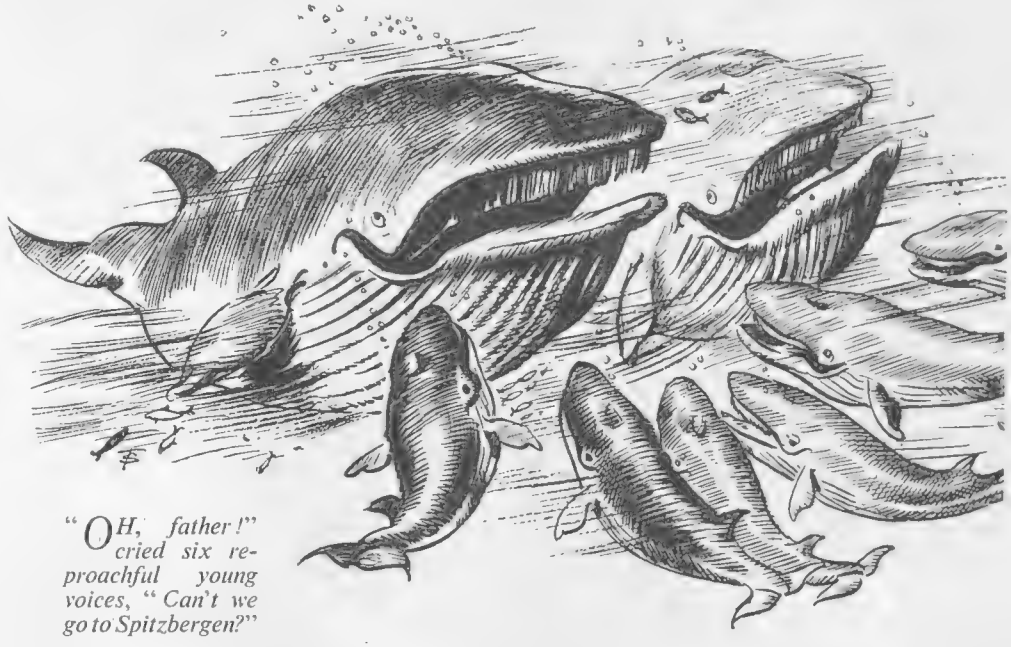
"Your cough, dear."

"Oh, yes," Gustav said. "I must start taking that liver oil in the mornings. I keep forgetting it."

"But Spitzbergen, dear?" said Helga meekly. Really, they had been over this so many times before.

"Um," said Gustav, spouting thoughtfully.

"Oh, father!" cried six reproachful young voices. "Can't we go to Spitzbergen? Oh, do let's go! Please, father! Can't we go for the winter sports," then they added, "and to see grandmother."



"OH, father!" cried six reproachful young voices, "Can't we go to Spitzbergen?"

Gustav threshed his tail a little irritably under the hungry gaze of all his children. Really, he thought, they are merciless little ruffians. I'm sure I was never like that at their age—whining and coaxing—— He looked at Helga who carefully avoided his eye. Poor girl, she really was looking her age. Then he softened with a sudden warm rush of feeling to his heart. Poor Helga, it had been a bad year, and losing little Erik, too. He patted her shoulder.

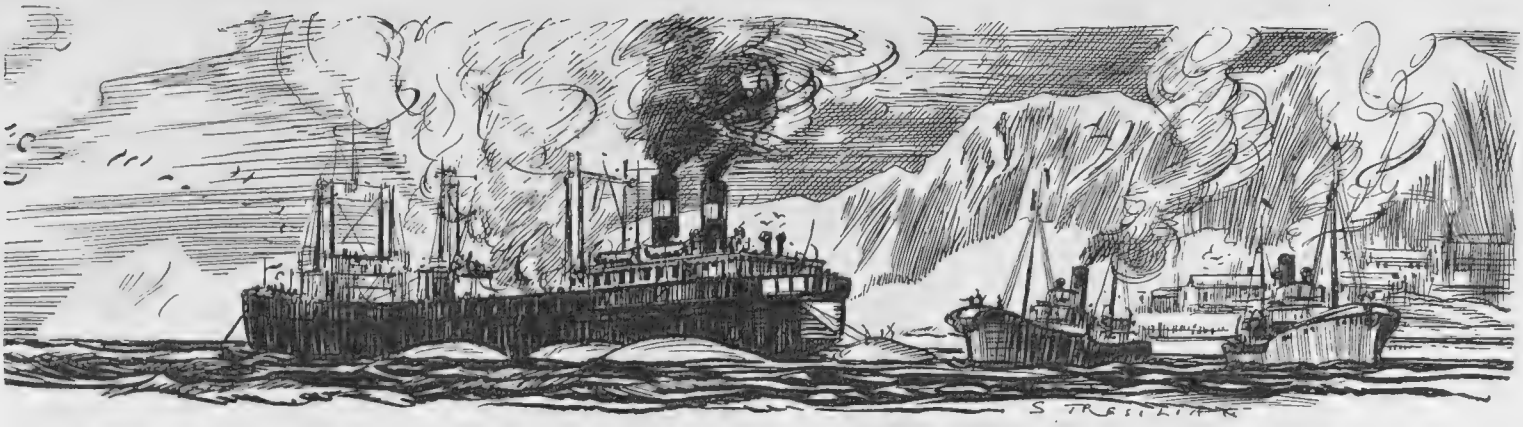
"All right, children," he said; then he added quickly: "Now for Heaven's sake, run along."

But they did not go to Spitzbergen that year. Something happened, something so strange that it put Spitzbergen and grandmother right out of their minds. Oscar had an adventure. Oscar was an engaging boy and the sort of boy who exasperated even his overworked schoolmaster into a good humour. He was a natural clown and not in the least bad-tempered, which made his adventure so strange.

It began after school one day. The junior school had been kept in late for inattention and they were all frantically writing fifty lines on their slates before they, too, could leave. But the senior school had left virtuously with the bell, ignored but not unnoticed by the wretched juniors. As the laughter of the seniors died away an oppressive silence fell on the schoolroom. Forty more lines! The juniors sighed tragically. "Magna est veritas et . . ." they scratched.

Oscar and the seniors were playing leapfrog. It was a wildly exiting game. They had to leap over a line of humped backs in the water without touching any. If they touched a back they had to stay a hump until the game was won. Oscar was a great success and after a few more gymnastics the excitement died down and the

THE young man quietly shipped his oars and stood up; then he braced himself in the bows and lifted a harpoon



young whales went off in small groups to spout.

Oscar had a special problem to work out and he swam round to the north side of the island, alone. He was going to practise a back somersault. For although Oscar was a comedian, he dreaded laughter unless it was kind, and if you muffed a back somersault, well, that was asking for it. So Oscar was practising with all the seriousness of a fifteen-year-old whale and a Norwegian, at that. Again and again he tried the awkward somersault until the Atlantic changed places with the sky and he felt green with giddiness and with swallowing too much sea water. That was why he did not notice the small boat which was creeping close to him or the sun-blackened young man at the oars. Oscar had closed his eyes and was painfully waiting for his spinning head to clear before going home.

The young man quietly shipped his oars and stood up; then he braced himself in the bows and lifted a harpoon. The young man's name was Sigurd Jonsberg. He was a second-year student at Bergen University and a quiet, studious boy. As the heavy harpoon flew from his hand, Sigurd felt a wild intoxicating thrill. This was the ultimate meaning of life! he thought. This was Reality! In that short moment all the musty hours at the university seemed to fall away from him. He held his breath and saw the terrible harpoon meet Oscar's back.

Oscar opened his eyes and frowned. Something was pricking him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw the harpoon in his back. With a mighty thresh of his tail he faced about. "Holy smoke!" he cried. "I've been stuck!" He looked desperately at the young man who was now crouched in his little boat quickly paying out the harpoon line into the water. "Holy smoke!" Oscar cried again. "What do I do now? Oh, I do wish father was here!"

In his agitation he swam round in a widening circle, dragging the boat in his wake. What should he do? Would a back somersault help, he wondered. Oscar stole a look at the young man and changed his mind. This fellow meant business, he could see that. It would be a battle of wills, then, to see who could hold out the longest. But poor Oscar did not see, then, that the battle of wills would be extremely one-sided.

He made for the open sea. He wanted plenty of room for his plans. Although the harpoon pricked his back uncomfortably, Oscar was beginning to enjoy himself. He would dart off on a starboard course, almost dragging the gunnel of the little boat down into the water, or he would dive suddenly and let the boat pass over his head surfacing astern just in time to see the young man's bewildered expression. In that way they went south.

HE patrolled the fishing stations off Spitzbergen, and he even ventured into territorial waters to note the size and whereabouts of the whaling fleets

LATE in the afternoon of the second day, when Oscar was beginning to tire a little, he began to have doubts about his strategy. He wished he had not been so impulsive about this sea trip, or, at least, that they had stayed in home waters. They must be surely off the coast of South America by now. Although Oscar did not have any clear idea of what to do next, he did feel that they should make a landfall. He turned west.

Well, Oscar may have been a bit impulsive, poor boy. He realized now, that strategy was not his strong point. Nevertheless, he did do a brilliant piece of navigation that day, and late in the evening they came in smartly to Rio de Janeiro harbour. As Oscar towed in the boat, the young man, Sigurd Jonsberg, rose from his seat and looked wonderingly and unbelievingly at the beautiful city.

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

SIGNOR SAVEDRA 'Y SAGASTA planted his feet firmly on either side of the harpoon and grasping the shaft low down he gently eased up the barbs

Then a wide Norwegian smile broke over his face and with shaking hands he cut himself loose from Oscar and rowed ashore.

Sigurd Jonsberg is now singing at a celebrated night club called El Topaz. He has no intention of returning to Bergen to finish his course in mathematics. He likes singing; he likes Rio and the late nights at the Topaz. He wears brightly coloured shirts and striped suits cut much too tight and he is very happy.

Meanwhile, poor Oscar, rid at last of the hateful boat and the sunblackened young man, was still swimming hopelessly to and fro across the mouth of the harbour, the harpoon stuck in his back and the long line wriggling behind him in the water like a wet snake. He was feeling lonely and depressed. He had never felt quite so lonely before and his misery seemed to increase as the sunlight faded. Hot tears welled up in his eyes and ran down his cheeks. His back rose and sank as a great sob broke from him. He left the busy harbour of Rio and headed north, why, he hardly knew, except, that somewhere in the north was home.

Oscar swam with his eyes tightly shut for the great, uncontrollable sobs were still shaking him. When, at last, his grief was spent and only a small sniffle remained, he opened his tear-soaked eyes and looked around. He found himself in an enchanting little bay called Milleflores. A swathe of pale sand circled the shore with little waves curling along it. It was a sheltered bay, protected from the wind by a rocky headland which rose steeply out of the sea to support a curve of green hills behind. In the middle of the bay an old man was fishing. His little boat was swinging at anchor and he sat comfortably on the seat with an old straw hat, coquettishly adorned with fish hooks, pulled low over his eyes. He was reading a newspaper and nodding drowsily with the gentle rocking of the boat.

All this Oscar saw at a glance. A small ray of hope lit his misery. Was there a possible chance, he wondered, that the old man could help him? He swam closer. The old man lowered his copy of *O Jornal Do Brazil* and regarded Oscar. A look of pain came into his kindly eyes. He leant forward impulsively and beckoned. He had never seen such a sad looking fish or one in such great trouble.

Oscar swam up to the boat and placed himself alongside, then he looked up beseechingly at the old man. Signor Domingo Savedra 'y Sagasta, a retired chemist and the author of many pamphlets, which he distributed free, urging Paraguay's affiliation with Uraguay by means of a corridor, reached over Oscar's back and gave the harpoon a tug. Jupiter! Oscar flinched. That hurt! The old man was muttering to himself in Portuguese and struggling with the hook. He motioned to Oscar with his hands and finally made his meaning clear. Oscar edged up closer to the little boat and the courageous chemist stepped nimbly on to Oscar's back. Oscar braced himself as best he could and waited for the painful extraction.

Signor Savedra'y Sagasta planted his feet firmly on either side of the harpoon and grasping the shaft low down he gently eased up the barbs. Merciful heavens! he thought, what terrible hooks! What a monstrous sport! Surely these whales should be protected by an international law. Already, in his mind, he was composing a fiery new pamphlet. At last the hateful thing came away and Oscar relaxed with a shuddering sigh. Ah, exquisite, exquisite relief! Oh, wonderful peace! Oscar felt a surge of great love for this kindly, methodical old man who was now hauling in the wet line from the water and coiling it neatly on Oscar's back. (*Continued on page* 58)

HE scrambled to his feet, combed some of the small marine creatures out of his hair and set out happily for civilization

1. *This remarkable fifteenth-century miserere at Lincoln Cathedral, shows Alexander the Great being carried by a pair of eagles to the edge of beyond to see whether in the beyond there are fresh worlds to conquer.*

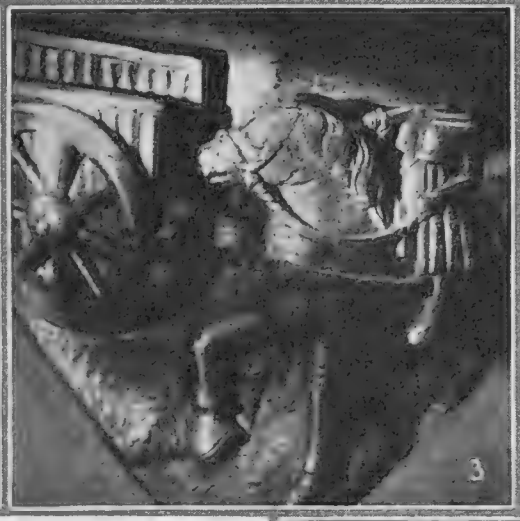
2. *Cat chasing a mouse. A fourteenth-century arm rest in St. Botolph's Church, Boston, Lincs.*

3. *Putting the cart before the horse is the subject of one of the sixteenth-century misereres at Beverley Minster.*

4. *St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmunds, has a startling array of fourteenth-century bench ends, and on one stall is this long-horned mastiff.*

5. *A fox, gowned as a cleric, preaches from a pulpit to his gullible congregation, represented as geese, is one of the sixteenth-century misereres at Beverley Minster.*

6. *A litter of pigs dancing to a sow's accompaniment on the bagpipes. Another of the sixteenth-century misereres at Beverley Minster.*



Animals In Church

By G. Bernard Wood

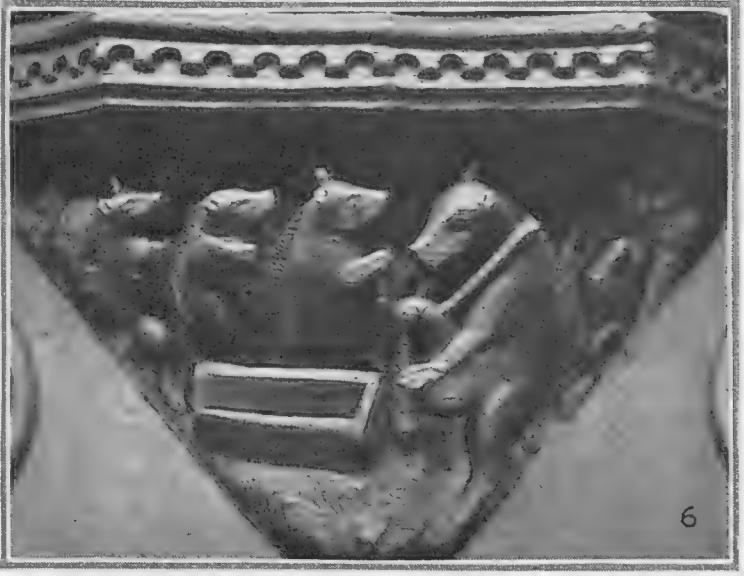
FOR centuries many of our older churches have been populated with tiny creatures carved in wood or stone. Some were intended to teach a lesson; a good example is the tigress—at Chester Cathedral—deflected from her pursuit of those who have stolen her cubs by seeing herself in a mirror; this represents the Christian turned from his chief purpose in life by "the glittering shams of the world." But many creatures were fashioned by some forgotten craftsman purely for the fun of it. Those early craftsmen had two ready sources of inspiration—the bestiaries (our first natural histories), and their own vigorous imagination. And what strange creatures emerged from both!

You get a good sample of what they could do in almost any of the older churches of East Anglia, and a fascinating series can be seen in Lincoln Cathedral.

Monastic woodcarvers and other craftsmen were granted a great deal of liberty in their work; this fact, together with the crude methods often used in olden days to point a moral lesson, accounts for so many of the forbidding two-headed monsters, the leering faces (representing evil spirits), devils disguised as eagles, and other impossible creatures lurking in odd corners of a church.

Among the sixteenth-century misereres at Beverley Minster satire was given frequent expression. You see the wily old friar impersonated as a fox; gowned as a cleric, the fox preaches from a pulpit to his gullible congregation, represented as geese. Was the neighbouring miserere, showing some geese hanging a fox, intended as a turning of the tables? Pure frolic is never long absent, however, in this glorious series.

Ripon Cathedral's fun pageant includes a lion pursuing a monkey and a dragon chasing a rabbit.



Combined Operations

An Old Coaster Does a Useful Job of Work and Ends Her Days in Glory

By Frank H. Shaw

THE S.S. *Philemon* suddenly assumed vital importance. Her previous thirty years' existence had been nothing to make history. Captain Tufnell scrubbed at his bald head in some perplexity when the announcement was made.

"*My* ship!" he bellowed. Then he cackled laughter. He saw Mr. Bullivant, his first mate, scudding along the deck with blood in his eye in search of the galley-boy, and hailed him: "Hi, Mister—we're a blinking transport!"

"If I catch that young whippersnapper I'll transport him!" fretted Mr. Bullivant, and gave no more heed to the announcement. Not just then, anyhow. But the oddity of Captain Tufnell's statement struck him just as he boxed Tom Brayton's ears for the second time and asked why in the name of Neptune and a few other sea-gods, he hadn't swabbed up the scuppers outside the galley. Mr. Bullivant went aft on rounded shanks.

"A transport, you said, sir?" he demanded. "Look at the paint-work!" S.S. *Philemon* looked what she was, a draggled, storm-battered coaster: little more than a funnel and a mast. Paint was hard to come by at the best of times, in war it was practically unobtainable. Mr. Bullivant understood that transports were sea-castles of splendour, shining with brass and enamel.

The Government official who had brought the news said: "It won't need spit and polish to do the job this ship has to do." Captain Tufnell elaborated.

"We've to put 5,000 soldiers ashore at Bloemstein, Mister."

"Five thousand!" Mr. Bullivant gaped. "We've got no passenger space." After the Government official had gone Captain Tufnell mustered the coaster's crew. It wasn't often he addressed them, oratory not being his strong point. These men—twenty-two in all—had grumbled about the unspeakable boredom of war, often enough in Tufnell's hearing. Carrying coal and cement up and down the British coast might be useful but it certainly caught no limelight. Their work had been done in convoy; there had been various attacks, but her very insignificance had kept the *Philemon* immune from real harm.

"YOU'VE *got to sail," said the soldier to Captain Tufnell. "Every minute will count"*

"They'll stow these swaddies anywhere—everywhere," said Tufnell. "In the bunkers, if it comes to a pinch; but we've got to land the whole boiling where we're being sent. That's going to give you something to think about! Such as might be going ashore'll keep their mouths shut, or I reckon I'll want to know the reason why. One thing—we're going to land 'em, see what I mean? We're going to land 'em."

The muster broke up, men grumbling, asking questions. Mr. Bullivant more or less synopsized their conversation when he said: "There's no sort of a harbour at Bloemstein. It's open beach."

"That's why they've picked on us, Mister—it won't matter a lot if we get spitchered," responded Tufnell. "All they seem to care about is landing these swaddies. Clean her out; they'll have to pack like sardines and even then they'll find it a tight fit."

It was noticeable that a curious briskness beset the crew as they worked the dunnage from the dingy holds, and swept down the sides of long-accumulated

THEN the deep cough of a major explosion trundled down towards the "Philemon"

grime. These men had never prided themselves on being anything much; they were workmen employed to do various jobs. Such trifles as mines, bombs, torpedoes and shells came into that work as a matter of course and did not deserve mention in waterside pubs and at home firesides. Somehow the transient whisper went the rounds that this landing meant a lot. It might even mean ultimate victory. Those 5,000 men were needed at an exact time in an exact spot. Round-shouldered men spat on their hands as they coiled down unkindly hawsers, stiffened with mud, and muttered that, so far as they were concerned, the job would be done.

WORKMEN came aboard the *Philemon* and fixed high-angle guns here and there. All kinds of odd gear came down, in huge Army trucks for the most part. Railway-borne engines of destruction also appeared, to be swung aboard by specially strengthened cranes. Captain Tufnell scrubbed his bald head in dismay, not knowing where to put the tanks and guns. The way things were shaping there wouldn't be room for 500 men, let alone 5,000. He took exception to the gang who, armed with oxy-acetylene torches cut holes in the *Philemon's* bows, and then improvised coverings.

"Those patches won't stand up to the sort o' weather we're likely to find," he told the construction superintendent.

"That's your lookout, Skipper," came the brusque reply. "I've got my orders."

"I'll rig some sort of preventers," said Mr. Bullivant. "We ought to ship a spare spar or two, in case the derricks break—they're not so young as they once were." Heavy spars came as if miraculously, together with enormous purchase blocks and coils of rope. Mr. Bullivant, as an honest ship's husband, rubbed his hands. Quite a lot of this spare gear would naturally be unexpended; it would find its way to the forepeak as ship-stores.

Mr. Cleaver, the chief engineer, cursed himself still blacker in the face when ordered to strip his bunkers down to an irreducible minimum of coal.

"That way there won't be enough to bring us back," he complained.

"Who said you were coming back?" asked the superintendent.

With thin boards laid over the war-machines in the hold, enough room remained below to accommodate a surprising number of the soldiers who came pelting aboard. Beside their bronzed toughness the men of the *Philemon* appeared stunted, almost mean. The newcomers were trained to a hair, and boisterous beyond belief. They carried a wealth of equipment, and ran as if their loads were feather-light. Few of them were under six feet in height. If they were not the cream of the nation's manhood, they were as fair a sample as would ever be secured.

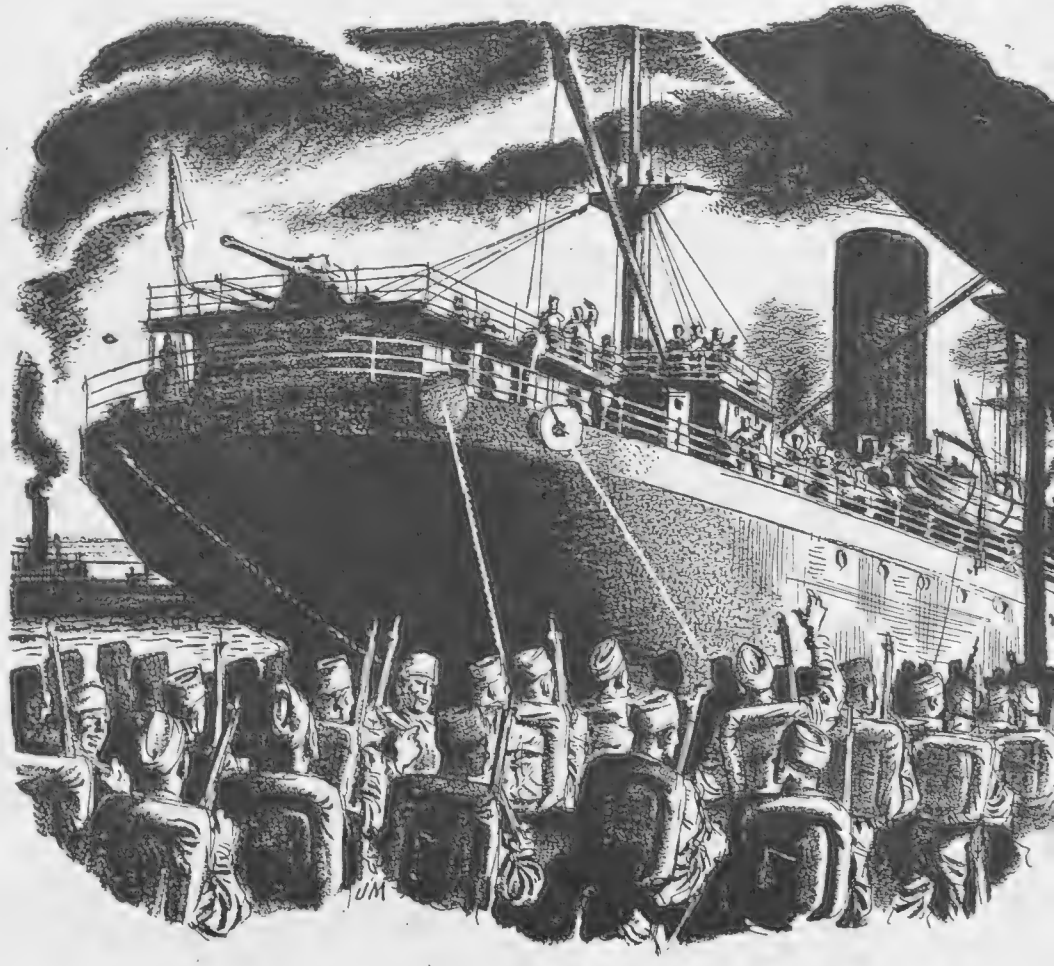
"There's *no* bar!" repeated Tom Lackland, the cook-steward. Every man seemed thirsty, and yet no man complained when he realized that alcohol was unobtainable. They were like schoolboys newly broken up for the summer holidays. Captain Tufnell apologized to the senior officers for the limited accommodation in the saloon.

"Why worry, Captain; we take part and lot with our men," was a brigadier's laughing response. "It's only a ferry trip, anyhow."

"Not with the weather that's brewing up, it won't be," demurred Tufnell. "Unless it clears I'll be against sailing to-night."

"You've got to sail," said the soldier. "Every minute will count."

And though apprehensive, Captain Tufnell cast off at precisely the appointed hour. "Why they've picked me for this



THE newcomers were trained to a hair and boisterous beyond belief. They carried a wealth of equipment, and ran as if their loads were feather-light

job, I don't know, sir," he mumbled to the brigadier, as that clear-eyed youngster stood beside him on the rickety bridge.

"Because they know you'll do the job; and this ship's exactly right for it, Captain," encouraged the soldier.

"We're in for a dusting outside; we'll be washed down fore and aft inside an hour; and your men—no room below for all——"

"My men can take it, bless 'em." Mr. Bullivant was rousing the crew around, dragging spare tarpaulins into the light, contriving simple shelters on the packed deck. The cook-steward was red-hot at the galley-stove brewing cocoa, tea, coffee, anything he could think of. A vast cauldron of strong soup simmered on the range, chocked off with steel fiddles in case the *Philemon* got up to her usual tricks. When all-out the coaster could roll like nothing known to man.

"You'd best close up the 'ack-acks, Captain," advised the brigadier. "It's a secret mission, but Jerry probably knows all about it; and he seems to be feeling a bit desperate anyhow."

The *Philemon* had become important. Possibly she might ultimately be a special target for attack by the snarling enemy. The Luftwaffe had kept itself pretty well grounded for a long time, all except these stinking doodle-bugs; but you never knew. Sly as a Yellow-belly, the Hun. If he suspicioned anything he should be scared of, some of those fanatical Hitlerite airmen might do anything, even to the extent of crashing their aircraft on to the *Philemon's* decks. The muzzles of the anti-aircrafts promptly swung skywards. The *Philemon's* men were sufficient only to handle the after gun—a pop-gun if ever there was one; but a handful of specialists had been embarked, men of the Maritime Ack-Acks; these were clear-eyed veterans who handled their fighting tools as if they loved them. It was not quite night, and there would be a good moon; though the wind was high and growing, there were frequent rifts in the storm-clouds. As the *Philemon* stumbled through between the piers where high foam piled on the bar, a sustained hum sounded above the windscreen. It might be the blasted Jerries——

Although of high rank the brigadier believed in letting a man command his own ship. He offered no suggestions. The fact that Captain Tufnell was a seaman was sufficient for him; knowing his own job, he believed that other men should know theirs, without having dry-nurses to oversee them.

"All right, Captain—our fighters, I think," was all he offered. A lean destroyer almost scraped the rust off the *Philemon's* side as she ranged close, beyond the pier-heads. "Look out for E-boats, Captain!" her loud-hailer blared. "You've got good protection to wind'ard. Your course is south-west by south magnetic. I'll lead the way. Off the Trull go due east—in case I've to leave you."

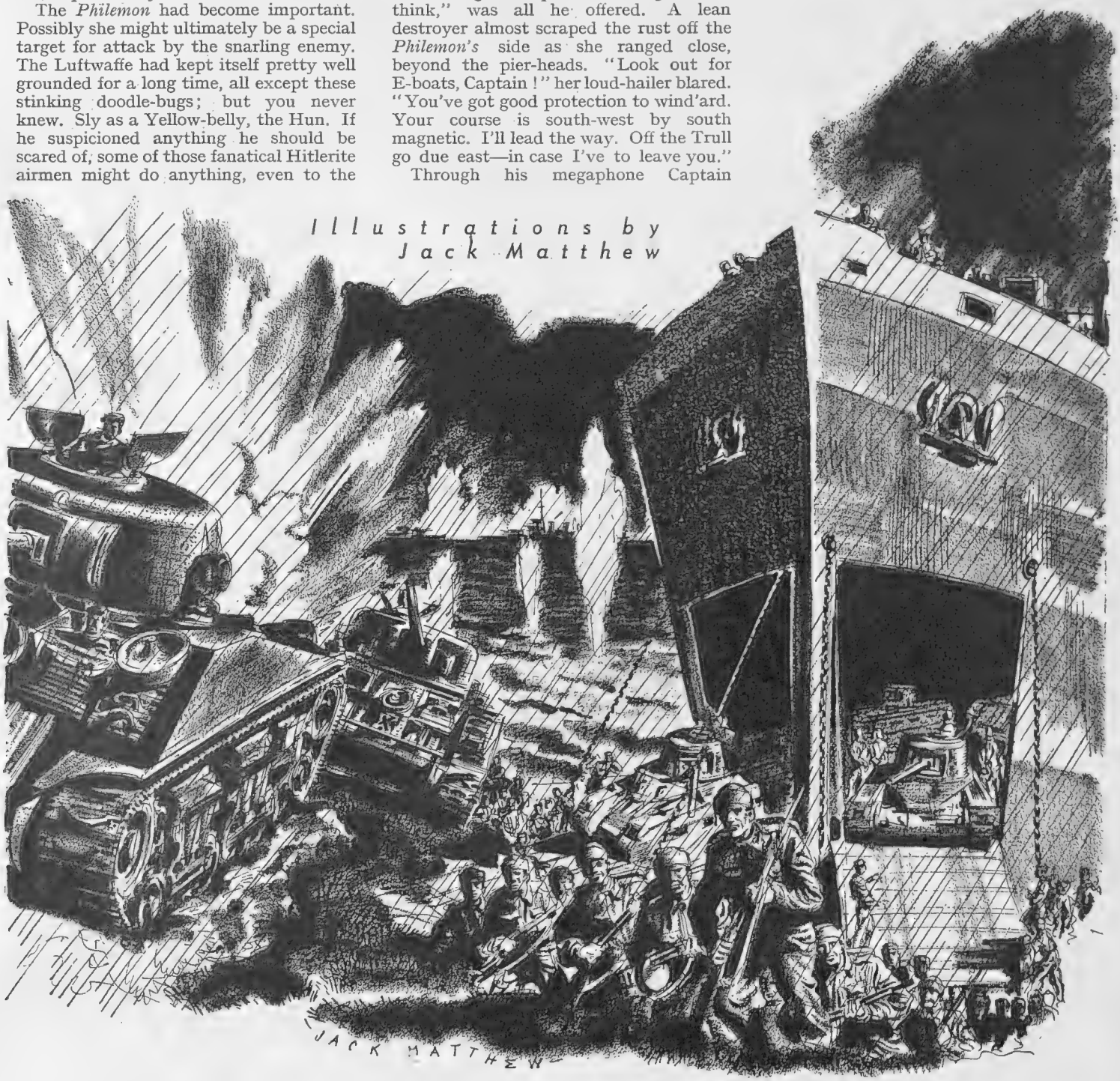
Through his megaphone Captain Tufnell acknowledged. Gosh, it was an important job, sure enough. The whole Royal Navy offering escort to the draggled, dingy *Philemon*! It made a man feel important. It made a man feel—feel he'd chance hell and high water to make a decent job of it. Fancy leaving old Horace Tufnell to do a bit of work like this—a hoary collier skipper, with no fine manners, mighty little book-learning and even less social polish.

"If you'd like a warm, sir," he advissd the brigadier, "my room's at your service; and if you open the locker under the bunk I'll not say you won't find a drop of something."

"Plenty of time, thanks." Had someone said this brigadier was a lord—a live lord? He didn't put on airs, though. A nice, respectful chap who knew what was due to a shipmaster—to the captain of a transport! Coming aboard, he'd saluted Tufnell as if he'd been an Admiral!

On the wet deck below the bridge, under the tented (*Continued on page* 68)

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



Before the slow rocking of the stranded hull ceased, tanks were already trundling to the shore

HEIR UNAPPARENT

THE approach to motherhood has entirely changed. Farewell to the "eat-enough-for-two" story, which generally meant that the mother-to-be ate far too many heavy, starchy foods lacking vitamins and mineral salts. Farewell to cosseting and lazing around in a semi-invalid state for the entire pre-natal period. Use your intelligence from the start and you should be healthy, happy and energetic, and the heir should be quite unapparent for the first six months at least.

If you are clever, you will avoid all those specialised attires that are designed for the sole purpose of declaring to the world that you are making your form as vague as possible.

Underclothes are just as important as your frock and coat. Wear a good uplift brassière all the time, and, once your breasts begin to feel at all heavy, wear it night and day. Wear it in hospital if it is sufficiently supporting, and, once your baby is born, certainly wear it night and day.

It is useless to try to remedy fallen breasts after neglect has let them drop. A corset is not necessary for the first baby, unless specially advised by your doctor, but you will certainly want a supporting corset for your second and subsequent babies. All other underclothing should be porous, light and warm.

Normal exercise (with five or ten minutes' daily exercise routine to prepare you for bearing the child) is advised. Walk a lot, but walk briskly. Swim, dance, work and play wisely.

Do breast exercises to strengthen the muscles and prevent sagging. Massage cream into your stomach and the sides of your breasts to prevent any marking of your body.

At first you may feel sick—a gentle nausea which puts you right off all food. As your body adjusts itself, this should pass, but nature will most likely keep you off nicotine, tannin, coffee and other minor toxins with which we make our bodies cope normally. When your appetite returns, guide it into wise channels—fruit, raw vegetable salads, cheese, milk, water between meals, fish, meat and eggs. If you need any specialised diet, your doctor will advise you accordingly.

While you are carrying the baby there will be a feeling of companionship and possessive ecstasy which will tide you over most trials. You will not worry too much about the baby, as it is protected by your body against the world and its dangers. But once the baby is in your arms, when your body has just experienced the enormous shock of childbirth (with your first), then is the time to beware of mental depression and to take some good tonic.

Keep up your exercises, wean your baby slowly, keep your diet wise, and you will soon have a toddler holding your hand and looking up to a mother beautiful and unspoilt by the experience of birth.

S. P.

"Be careful, darling, there are two steps there"—catchline in the amusing American comedy about pregnant wives at the Saville Theatre. Anne Allan, like the other mother-in-waiting in the play, wears the smock labelling her coming motherhood.

Many women to-day, however, prefer not to wear such an obvious maternity get-up, choosing clothes which, while they adjust to the figure's changes, are designed on more everyday lines and appearance, and can be worn after the baby is born. The dress below, for instance, a dark woollen shirt-waister, with little bows trimming the yoke, an extra pink crepe collar. Panels, placed indiscernibly at the extreme sides of the bodice, run through to the skirt and conceal material for expansion as the figure changes. The skirt is full at back. Long or short sleeves. Price £6 5s. 5d. The dress can also be obtained in crepe, £6 0s. 1d. From John Lewis.

It Comes

INTRODUCING MARCH, WHICH ARRIVES WITH WITH WAR AND WINTER AND BADLY IN

Wedding March

Our springtime symbol for the happy union of decorative themes throughout the house.

Spaciousness and harmony can only be brought to the home by the successful mating of colour schemes right through the house. To achieve this union, the treatment of each room should be built up on a basic colour theme, though each scheme can be different in detail.

The easy way, now that drastic changes of décor are impossible, is to use a one-colour background throughout the house and various combinations of the same colours.

In the small house, the effect of a one-colour background throughout is restful. For instance, a cream wall background can vary its tone according to the room's aspect, from deep, creamy yellow to a cooler tone for a sunny room.

The bedroom above has creamy-yellow walls, with bedspread, pelmet and flowered wool rug splashing pale and dark blue with magenta and blue-green on a cream ground, magenta being the dominant colour.

In the sitting-room of this house, the same colours are used in a different order of importance. The walls of this room are pale cream, the chair covers are dark blue piped with pale shade of blue. The carpet is blue-green and the curtains are magenta.

Funeral March

This stands for death to outworn methods and useless implements. Much of the drudgery and boredom of housework is due to a lack of method. We get accustomed to doing things in a certain way, of muddling through with old systems, and it never occurs to us to change them, yet most daily tasks can be lightened with reorganisation.

You could begin with putting shabby and non-essential decorations on the funeral pile, by throwing out tattered rugs and threadbare cushions. At the same time do away with chipped ornaments and decorative nonentities which need polishing. Be ruthless about it. Many of these things have no real value beyond their familiarity.

While you are on the job, why not get rid of worn-out implements, dirty, bristleless brushes, bent saucepans, chipped china? Most houses these days have got them. These things make work and clutter the house. It is true that many of them cannot be replaced now, but a few efficient tools are far better than a lot of bad ones.

In Like a Lion

THE FIRST HINT OF SPRING, IN HOMES WEARY NEED OF AN ALL-OUT RESTORATION CAMPAIGN

Military March

War and regimentation are out of place in the home, but we can learn a lot about domestic efficiency from military methods.

Military efficiency in the home need not turn the house into a barrack-room, but it gives more time for relaxation.

Try a military routine if you are running your home without help. Make out a time-schedule for each day and attend to specified chores in their appointed order.

Make promptitude a special study. Deal with household problems and repairs the moment they appear. Don't give the small, threadbare patch in the arm-chair cover time to develop into a tattered hole, or postpone tackling any threatened problem or breakdown.

Think ahead about meals, shopping and entertaining. Rationed food goes farther when the whole week's meals are planned to dovetail and the daily shopping is done with the week's meals in view.

Carry planning through to all small details like tidying up the sitting-room and laying breakfast overnight if you have to be up early. Don't be caught out for the lack of a simple, co-ordinated method.

Triumphal March

Emerging from this March campaign, you will feel the urge to go on to fresh experiments in the home. With the house running more smoothly, you may perhaps have found a new source of leisure and interest in looking around the house, critically, for further ways of improving it out of your own ingenuity and with your own hands.

In these days of shortages, it is not easy to make important decorative changes, but little touches of new decoration, tonic changes of arrangement in a room, work wonders.

The room at the left was given a fresh start by changing the furniture around and by discarding a heavy china cabinet which once stood on the right of the window. To take its place, there is the gilt-framed mirror, cleverly offsetting the graceful, painted table, and a charming lamp, itself brought to new life with a home-designed shade.

Why not try some experiments like this, keeping your eyes and ears open for inspiration and ideas? Try out some home decorating and plan some colourful and original new schemes. Painting and distempering are easy enough if you are patient, and use the best implements and some common sense.

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Further details of these clothes on application

1. Dress and short-sleeved matching jacket, a young and lively spring affair in fine navy woollen, bordered with lighter blue and white stripes. The easy cardigan cut of the jacket, the adroit dress detail combine tellingly. Susan Small.

2. The square silhouette, a line to flatter all figures, in a Utility, full-length, light-weight woollen box coat, with slant pockets, adjustable collar, a stitched centre seam and pleat in back. Harella.

3. Moygashel fabric, navy with a white broken stripe, makes a zippy shirt-waister, with skilful bias use of the stripes occurring, effectively, on the bodice. Laeta Ramage.

4. Red crepe afternoon dress, showing a low, comely neckline, a draped, long-waisted, basque-line bodice, prettily moulded to the figure. Mary Black.

FRILLY-NECKED BLOUSE

SHORT-SLEEVED JACKET

1.

MATERIALS

8 ozs. of 3-ply " EMU " Unshrinkable Pure Botany Fingering ; one pair of No. 12 and one pair of No. 10 knitting needles ; 8 buttons ; 1¼ yds. of ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to the lower edge, 17½ ins. ; across back under-arms, 19 ins. ; across front (half), 10 ins. ; sleeve length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 10 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 121 sts. Rows 1 to 3 knit.

4th row.—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from * to end. Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern :

1st row.—*K. 1, m. 1, k. 2, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th and 12th rows.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, repeat from ending k. 2 (instead of k. 3).

5th row.—K. 3, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5, repeat from * ending k. 3 (instead of k. 5).

7th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

9th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 1, * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, k. 1, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

11th row.—K. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, * s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

These 12 rows form pattern.

Work until 12 ins. from the beg. of pattern.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the (*Continued on page* 66)

2.

MATERIALS

8 ozs. of 3-ply Ramada knitting wool ; one pair of No. 12 and one pair of No. 8 knitting needles ; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 ins. ; across back under-arms, 14 ins. ; across half-fronts, 10½ ins. ; sleeve length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 9 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 8 needles cast on 116 sts. Rib in k. 4, p. 2 for ½ in. Change to pattern :

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 2, p. 4, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 4, p. 2, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows 4 times more.

11th row.—K. 1, * place next 2 sts. on spare needle and bring in the front of work. P. 4. Knit the 2 sts. from the spare needle. Repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

12th row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

13th row.—K. 1, * p. 4, k. 2, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

Repeat these 2 rows 4 times more.

22nd row.—K. 1, * place next 2 sts. on spare needle at the back of work, k. 4, p. next 2 sts. from spare needle. Repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

Continue in this pattern until 4 ins. from the cast-on edge.

Change to No. 12 needles. Work 1 in. pattern. Change to No. 8 needles. Continue in pattern inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 128 sts. Work without further shaping until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 104 sts. (*Continued on page* 66)

HOUSE PRIDES

IT took a war and all the ingenuity which it calls up to provide weapons for killing to show us that the same resources could be used, in peace, to make a better job of living.

Women have seen the promise of mechanical equipment as a way out of drudgery and monotony in the home. There is nothing new in labour-saving equipment; the news is in the coming expansion in manufacture which will make these amenities available, at the right price, to every home.

Wherever new homes are erected, a new standard of equipment is promised and even assured. Manufacturers have been hatching plans for the future. These are now making their public début. Production only awaits the end of the war and the time when labour and materials can be diverted from the use of weapons to those of peace.

A few up-and-coming devices scheduled for early production have been illustrated here. But these are not all. They merely represent a host of inventions and improvements which are to make a new world for women in the home.

New grates and cooking-stoves (one outstanding grate, it is claimed, will burn for two weeks without cleaning) are in the forefront of the improvements. New gas fires have a greater and more penetrating heating capacity in addition to a more mellow heat. Some have a device which draws in cold air and expels it again, nicely warmed.

There are kitchen-cupboards with slide-out shelves of tough, processed glass, cool and so easily cleaned. Vegetable-racks are built into kitchen-cupboards, and are made of metal, perforated for the proper circulation of air around the food.

Gas and electric ovens are hardly recognisable as such in their new, streamline, coloured enamel finishes. All are raised from the ground to bring the oven at a more workable level, and some have toughened-glass oven windows, so that cooking can be watched in progress without opening the oven door.

These and many other things are as yet promises, but prototypes have been made of most of them and can be seen at public and private exhibitions everywhere.

Housewives with an eye to an easy life should be up to date and informed about this equipment for the future.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

TWO-IN-ONE

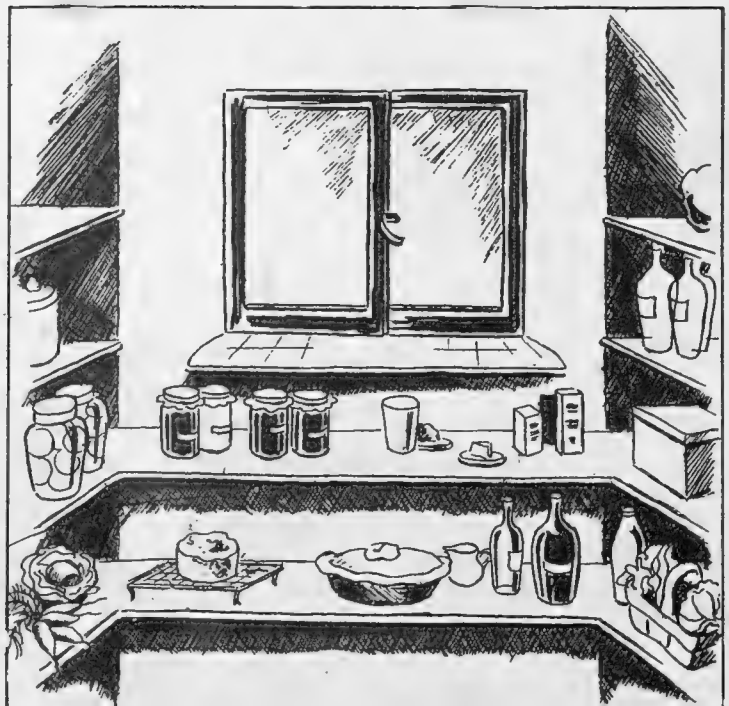
House-planners have decided that the two-in-one kitchen for the small house is essential. That is to say, a kitchen with a dining-section combining the efficiency of a kitchen with the appearance of a sitting-room. One of the biggest gas equipment manufacturers got together with the house

ANTI-FLY GLASS

The glass industry has been launching out in every direction. At present they are still busy turning out essentials for war purposes, but experimentation with new kinds of glass for domestic use have continued.

There are many surprises scheduled. Here is one for a sample : fly-proof glass.

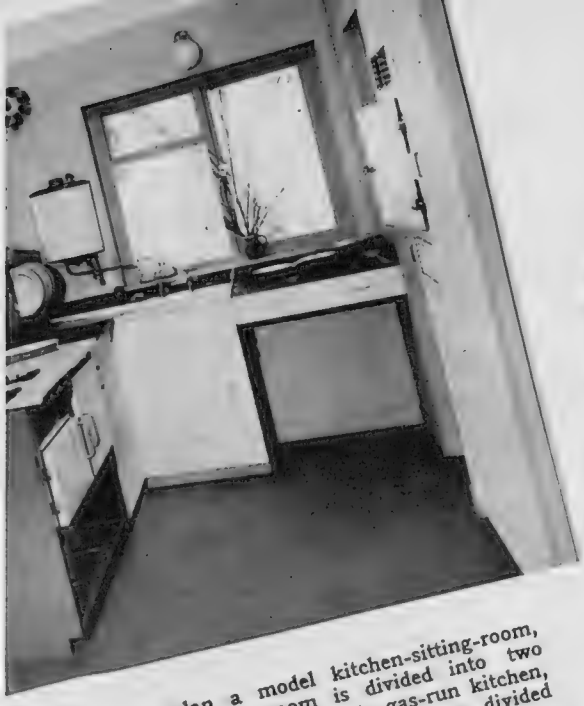
Flies have a habit of collecting on windows, especially pantry-windows or any others in the near vicinity of food. Most flies feel thoroughly happy and relaxed on an ordinary window-pane, but this new glass sends them scuttling. It is something to do with vibration, but we shall know more details later.



GAS COOKER

Gas cookers have changed their appearance beyond all knowledge. Here is one of the Gas Light and Coke Company designs, not yet available, but all set for production when circumstances allow.

The whole apparatus is raised to a comfortable working level, with useful shelves underneath for utensils. The flat top, like the rest, is of coloured vitreous enamel. The oven is on the right, and the compartment under the griller is a spacious hot cupboard. These new gas cookers are good-looking, simple to clean and superbly efficient in performance.



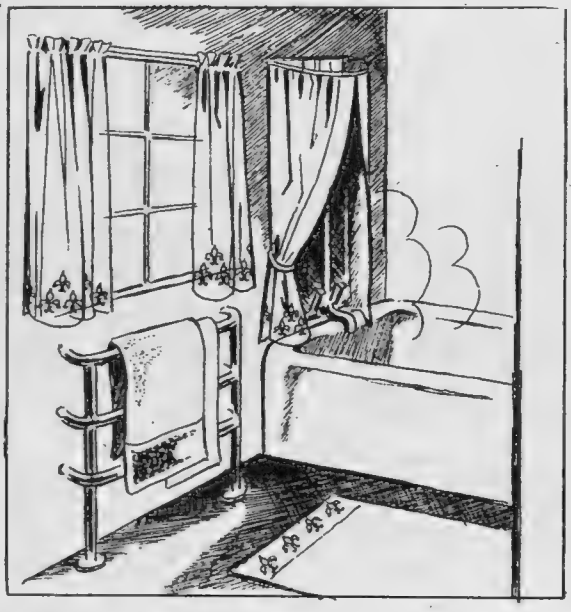
designers to plan a model kitchen-sitting-room, and this is it. The room is divided into two sections. One half is a complete gas-run kitchen, the other a sitting-room. The two are divided by a partition. On one side of this, the kitchen apparatus is fitted. On the other is a built-in corner seat for use with the dining - table.

PUBLIC PRE-VIEW OF SOME NEW INVENTIONS FOR THE HOME SOON TO GO INTO PRODUCTION

WASHING - MACHINE

Electric washing - machines were not uncommon before the war, but their high cost put them out of reach of many homes. Now a group of manufacturers have agreed on a collective plan to provide a popular type of electric washing-machine for post-war houses.

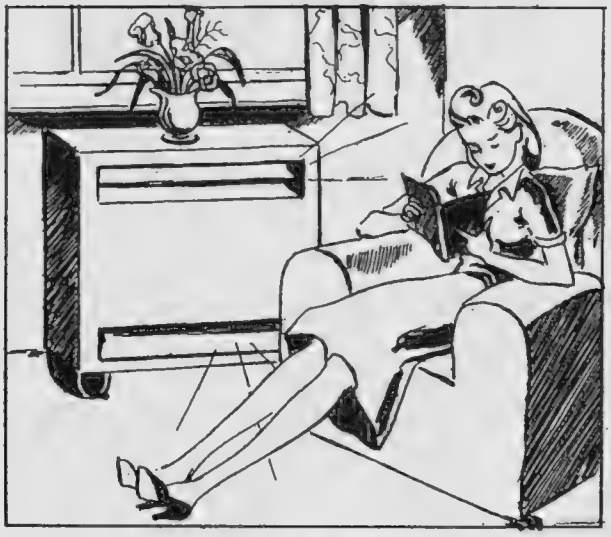
The proposed apparatus will have an electrically-driven machine, complete with power-driven washing device and wringer, the whole apparatus to be mounted on castors for mobility. Black washing Monday looks like becoming a holiday when we get these, which, it is hoped, will not be long now.



GLASS CURTAINS

One of the big surprises among the new inventions. These bathroom curtains are soft like satin, waterproof like the oil-silk fabrics we used to know, but fine-textured and easy to drape. You can crush the fabric in your hand like the softest silk.

By this new process, only lately perfected, ravishing materials are promised for our use after the war. The possibilities for beautiful glass fabrics are enormous, and they say it lasts. Don't ask for this material yet; but it won't be long before we can have it.



CONVECTION HEATER

Electric convection heaters are important newcomers. Models are being perfected now which will have thermostatic control, by which means the room temperature can be kept at a continuous level.

Convection heating constantly circulates warm air about the room. Small models are ideal for heating halls, corridors and dining-rooms where there is no fire-grate. Small wall-mounting models and some portable ones are designed for bathrooms and places where space is limited.

ELECTRIC COOKER

A typical example of the newest type of electric cooker. It is flat-topped, coloured vitreous enamel outside, grey vitreous enamel inside. There are no difficult cleaning surfaces, no corners or crevices to corrode and collect grease, It is simple to operate and built at such a height that the oven and griller can be tended without stooping.

The left door is the oven, the flaps on the right give access to the griller and a hot cupboard for warming plates and food.

They Are No Longer Helpless

WAR has swept away many fusty old notions. It has also made many revelations. One is that the helpless-husband tradition is just a big ramp run by men.

If you want proof of this, think of all the men you knew before the war who, however successful in other spheres, were afflicted with a high degree of mental deficiency when it came to lending a little first aid in the house.

Think of them then and think of them now after four or five years in the Services practising the kind of self-reliance which starts with darning their own socks and finishes with making a " better stew than you ever dreamed of " in a salmon-tin.

So farewell to that old racket. No more helpless husbands. It is a nice thought. Or is it ?

What is going to happen when he walks into the kitchen, lifts the lid, and says : " Now, what you want to do with this . . ." ? Or when he gets into bed and says, " Never knew a woman yet who could make a bed. When I used to make my bed in the Army . . ."

Are you going to call that efficiency or interference ?

On the other hand, after a year or two of self-help your husband is probably looking forward, more than anything, to putting his feet on the fender and enjoying that sort of womanly cosseting which for so long has been a beautiful dream. Are you going to give it to him ?

It all depends on your outlook and your circumstances. If you are the kind of woman who thinks that a man is humiliated by putting on an apron and running up a meat pie, you will want the old order back again, and you will resent him muscling-in on your province.

If you are an office wife with a home to run, in addition to your other tasks, you will see the justice of your husband taking a reasonable share in the chores, and you will cash-in on his new-found efficiency.

It should not be asking too much that a man should be capable in the home when the need arises without usurping a wife's job and without sacrificing masculine dignity. There is nothing in reason or common sense to prevent a husband from cooking a good meal when a wife is tired or out of sorts ; from taking over household tasks efficiently and without starting a minor earthquake in your beautiful, tidy kitchen, yet minding his own business and keeping in the background when a wife wants to do things herself.

In any average household, the home is the woman's job and the bread-winning is the man's. In this topsy-turvy society it does not always work out that way—in fact, this ideal state of affairs may still be a long time deferred—but in every case it is the woman's tact and understanding which smooths out such problems and creates a happy and workable compromise.

You cannot force your husband or nag him into taking a share in the chores, and expect to lead a peaceful sort of married life with mutual respect. But you can convince him of the kindliness and common sense of helping you when occasion demands it.

A little pampering when he gets back is his right, and will probably be your pleasure too, but after a while, if you don't want a helpless husband on your hands, ask him for help if you feel you are justified. Praise his efforts when he starts out, perhaps not whole-heartedly, on a campaign of help, and accept his advice about your job, as you would like him to accept your opinion in matters that are strictly his affair.

Do not forget, though, that he has had a long spell away from homely comforts; he has suffered hardship and discomfort that he may never speak of. He is self-reliant, perhaps, as he has never been before, but he is going to appreciate your home-making, with or without his help, as he has never done before. This in itself is a new basis of happiness and understanding between you and is worth treasuring for its own sake.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

NORMALLY I rebut connoisseurs of food and wine who show up my abysmal ignorance of anything subtler than Chateauneuf de Pape—never mind the year—and persuade me that I am a savage to prefer simple fare to high blood pressure. But M. André L. Simon may be excused, for is he not a king among diners, and did he not inspire the Wine and Food Society and its elegant *Quarterly*? In **"We Shall Eat and Drink Again"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) he has selected and edited, with Mr. Louis Golding, the best contributions of the past ten years: and when I tell you that the writers include, besides the editors, E. M. Forster, G. B. Stern, James Laver, Ann Bridge, A. J. A. Symons, Hilaire Belloc, and Martin Armstrong, you will appreciate that the appeal is to the mind as well as the palate. This, in the sixth year of war, is a book to make not only the mouth water but the soul bleed. I read a few fragrant pages, scan Ziegler's succulent drawings, and rush out in torment. My wartime sausages are calling, calling me . . . and in my wine cupboard reposes a bottle of S.D.I. Ginger Cordial, vintage S.E.84. . . .

WHERE, but in Ireland, would a fellow ask you: "Tell me, in one sentence, what's wrong with the world"? Where else would you be met by an innkeeper who says "You must be tired! Come in, now, and sit down. Relax. Put your feet up," and then brings you a large one, saying "Sure, that's on the house, just to welcome you"? Wherever he goes in **"Lovely is the Lee"** (Dent, 12s. 6d.)—to Galway, Connemara, the Aran Isles, and his native Cork—Mr. Robert Gibbings makes delightful contacts. In inns, trains, buses, and on bridges he meets folk who tell him queer tales of local folklore. He pens the passing scene, engraves it with a craftsman's pride, and does for his native Lee what he did so well for Thames and Wye. I could not choose a lovelier book for those who long

> To see again the ripple on the trout stream,
> The women in the meadows making hay,
> To sit beside a turf fire in a cabin
> And to watch the bare-foot gossoons at their play.

BOGOTA, Colombia's capital, 8,700 feet up, is more exotic. Its Plaza Bolivar has four great fountains in which angry townsfolk duck political leaders, luckless bullfighters, any one who annoys them. In the better homes solid gold service is used at formal dinners; in the slums there are casual knifings nightly. Girls in black shawls bear trays of orchids on their heads; bootblacks shine your shoes with a half-orange. Mrs. Virginia Paxton, with U.S. newsman husband and baby, lived there two years. She writes breezily of the experience—and the picturesque people—in **"Penthouse in Bogota"** (Hurst & Blackett, 16s.), with amusing drawings by Rafael D. Palacios. Have you noticed how many U.S. wives who go abroad with their husbands write funny books about it?

MEET Col. the Hon. George Hysteron-Proteron, C.B., J.P., a gameshot among Blimps if ever there was one. He has fought with Matabeles, Chins, Boers, French landladies—having got a C.B. as Hirings Officer or something in 1918—and every committee his club ever had. His family seat, Five Mile Wallop, he lets at a fabulous rent while retaining all the shooting. He has travelled in all the best game counties and shot about 200,000 head—or is it brace? (I wouldn't know, though I did once go out with the guns from Gleneagles for a day's cold grouse-eating in the Grampians). Well, the Colonel, after an apoplectic fit, actually wakes up as a *grouse*—a real one, not just a grumble—and sees something of the noble sport from the wrong end of the guns. Col. J. K. Stanford makes an agreeable frolic of the adventure in **"The Twelfth"** (Faber, 7s. 6d.), with suitably irreverent drawings by V. H. Drummond.

I have an awed veneration for authors who embark on sagas—Galsworthy's *Forsyte*, Compton (*Continued on page* 61)

The Nelson Touch

NO one visiting one of His Majesty's ships merely as a wardroom guest can fail to be conscious of a tradition which has been centuries in the making and has no counterpart elsewhere. I doubt if that tradition has been better interpreted than in Bishop David Mathew's **"The Naval Heritage"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), a scholarly retrospect of the Navy's growth which "attempts to trace each stage in its development, the habits, the elements of authority, the type of ship, the cabin accommodation, the life of wardroom and gunroom, the constant contacts with life ashore."

It is remarkable that the professional status was slow in growing—that seamen had no contract lasting longer than a ship's commission and no security of re-employment until just before the Crimean war, though by early Georgian days the naval officer was a well-defined, respected English character, the production of "Hearts of Oak" in 1759 gave naval life its romantic appeal to the public, and since Elizabeth's reign the sailor rather than the soldier has been the typical English fighting man. This chronicle of routine life, battles, administration, personalities induces a deeper understanding of both Service and sailor, to whom the author ascribes "an easy self-reliance, a hatred of pomposity and of self-seeking, an intense desire for the much-broken family life, and very often a dislike of the sea."

Essentially English

Our Heritage of Georgian Architecture

By Wilma Buckley

LET lovers of the Elizabethan, the half-timbered, black-and-white house say what they will; nothing is so representative, so characteristic of England, as Georgian architecture.

Half-timbered houses, of a type which many imagine to be peculiar to this island, are seen in Normandy, where, indeed, they are just as much at home as here; Gothic architecture belongs to Europe in general; but the Georgian building, even though it may incorporate exotic features, could never be classified as anything but English. The eighteenth century brought with it a building boom to this country, due to a wide expansion of trade and an interest in architecture among our influential landowners. These, in some cases, fancied themselves as amateur architects and were in the happy position of being able to experiment lavishly and expensively. A building vogue arose among the aristocracy, and it became the fashion to "go one better" than one's neighbours in erecting magnificent country houses in suitably landscaped settings. Typical of this group is Holkham Hall in Norfolk, designed by the famous architect, William Kent, for the Earl of Leicester; an imposing, wide-fronted mansion of cream brick and stone in a formal setting of fountains and parterres. Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, is also representative, a famous Robert Adam house: immensely long and low, pillared, pedimented and porticoed.

Typical Georgian architecture is classic in feeling and inspiration—the eighteenth century produced a furore for Greek and Roman antiquities—but "Englished" into the characteristic Georgian style. Good proportion was sought after (and found) in every single interior and exterior detail: rooms, doors, windows, roofs and architectural features. Anything "fussy" or in doubtful taste—judging by classical standards—was eliminated; what is more, the amenities of actual living were intelligently considered, as, for instance, the value of sufficient air, light—and privacy within the household!

The aristocracy's preoccupation with architecture and building swept throughout all sections of the community, and the eighteenth century saw the planning of whole towns for the first time in England, Bath being a conspicuous example. Building in London, of course, was on a tremendous scale and fine examples of Georgian architecture are still to be seen in many a London square and terrace; many, alas! have been demolished, not only by enemy action but by modern development needs.

Most of our seaside towns, particularly in the south and west, show charming examples of small but elegant (*Continued on page* 68)

(on left) All Saints Green, Norwich
(Reproduced by permission of the National Buildings Record)

Hall and staircase. Number 1 Bedford Square, London
(Reproduced by permission of "Country Life")

St. Margaret's House, Rochester
(Reproduced by permission of the National Buildings Record)

A delightful House in the High St., Marlow, Bucks.
(Reproduced by permission of the National Buildings Record)

It is a very silly thing to try to camouflage your personal appearance. The small woman who yearns to be tall and statuesque and the tall woman who wears the flattest heels and slouches about trying to take an inch off her stature are wasting their time and doing themselves out of the admiration which they would receive if they made the best of their special type. The tall woman is particularly inclined to be self-conscious, especially when she is with a man smaller than herself, which is very foolish as small men are so often attracted by large women. It is the stupid craving for camouflage which makes so many women ruin their looks by bleaching their hair and putting the whole complexion colouring out of gear. By all means find a remedy for your faults but never under any circumstances try to alter your natural looks.

Jane Gordon

On Duty—And Off

I KNOW that some beauty problems interest you more than others. Hair, complexion and figure problems are high priority, and, right at the end of the list, come feet. Just because a woman's feet are out of sight, it seems that they are out of mind whenever she has a beauty problem to solve, yet, did you but know it, more wrinkles could be smoothed away by foot treatment than by facials.

Very few women realize how many kinds of foot treatment are available, not only in London, but in many of the large provincial towns. I made it my business to find out about these treatments at the Regent Street depot of the most famous Foot Comfort Service in the world. The chiropody charges are 3s. a foot, and the treatments include physiotherapy, radiant heat, infra-red, Faradic and also hand massage. Each treatment lasts approximately half an hour and the charge is 6s.

ON DUTY

In the Regent Street depot the cubicles are fitted with the most up-to-date equipment. Infra-red treatment is particularly good in the case of bunions and chilblains. Radiant heat is also used for chilblains, and the Faradic for flat feet, and massage is also combined with infra-red or radiant heat.

Apart from corns of all descriptions, warts (verrucae to give them the technical name) are also treated and a dressing applied afterwards. At every depot from Land's End to John o' Groat's, the charges are the same for all treatments and the firm makes almost seventy-five different types of foot supports. Probably more than 90 per cent of all foot trouble comes from wearing the wrong sort of shoes. The crimes committed by ill-fitting shoes include corns (both hard and soft), callouses, bunions, hallux valgus (displacement of the big toe towards the other toes), hammer toe, ingrowing toe-nails and metatarsalgia, which is, to put it simply, neuralgia of the feet.

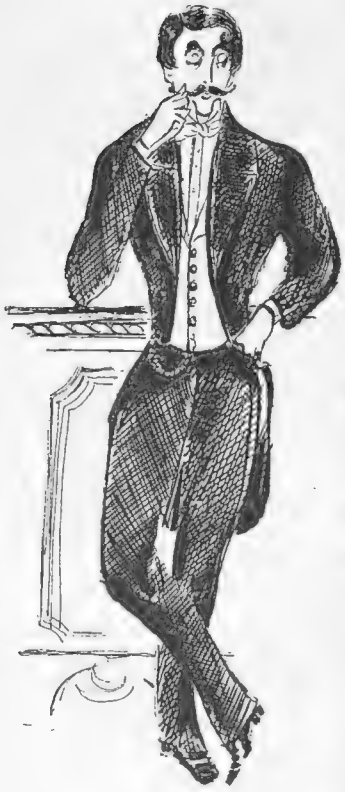
There are actually five different kinds of corns; the hard and the soft are perhaps the two most common. Then there is the corn which bleeds easily when it is cut; the painful one which involves the little nerve endings, and the tiny variety known as "seed" corns. You can go to your chemist and he will be able to provide you with something to deal with your corn at home. But, when all is said and done, a good chiropodist is far better than any amateur home treatment.

Callouses also re-act better to expert treatment, and when the callous has been pared away by the chiropodist, he will probably apply a pad of some sort or a little Elastoplast.

One of the most common foot warts is the "planter" wart which is on the sole of the foot and usually covered by a hard callous. The right person to deal with this is a skin specialist or a chiropodist.

Flat feet are responsible for a lot of ugliness and although there are five different types of flat feet, the one you are most likely to see nowadays is the mobile or "acquired" flat foot. This can be caused by muscle fatigue due to long hours of queueing, or any job which keeps you on your feet all (*Continued on page* 67)

Base Suggestions



ARE you one of the millions of women who dip three fingers in a jar of any-old-cream, massage the first lavishness into the nose and its surround, use the remainder on chin and forehead and even it all off with a quick palm? A really base suggestion.

Powder bases should be a fine protective veneer over your entire face and neck. When you are young the film should be like the bloom of a peach. As you get older the bloom can densify a little in order to hide blemishes and give a matt-toned surface — the Cyclax Day Lotion is a good example of this type of powder base. Then getting away from the liquid ones we have the even heavier cake type of blemish-hiding veneer, such as the Max Factor Pan-cake make-up. Or the heavy opaque cream in varying skin tones that is rather like a fine grease-paint; this generally needs a little moisture on your fingers before application to make it smooth on nicely. If you try a heavy type of cream or make-up and get it uneven, do not blame the cream, especially if it is from a good salon, because no good salon is going to waste time and money in making preparations that are not effective or flattering to use. The fault is in your application.

Then you have the heavy protective and slightly greasy creams which hold powder and protect the skin —these are very good for the winter and for dry skins. But the whole effect of the skin depends, with these creams, on your powder and the cream's ability to keep it matt. The same is true with the vanishing cream type of base.

In the summer, or a hot climate, the lotion make-up is generally preferable as it does not coat the skin with a moisture-proof veneer, it lets the moisture out.

You may have used one cream for years, or the same type of cream no matter what make. It may be habit or it may be laziness—but skins do like a change.

Deficiency Diseases

WHEN you list the vitamin B foods, you will see how probable it is that many people are not getting enough of them to-day. The natural sources are: germ of cereal, egg yolk, liver, yeast, milk, green vegetables, pork, bacon, nuts and pulses.

These foods are not now taken in sufficient quantity, nor sufficiently often, to fill the demands for vitamin B made by your body.

In the summer, peas and beans help considerably and so do raw tomatoes. When these are not abounding, fall back on the pulses, take a frequent bowl of lentil, pea or bean soup.

Pellagra is a vitamin B deficiency disease that is becoming increasingly common. It comes in the form of a skin rash on the arms and back of the neck. It may be a reddening of the skin, or it may be a roughness like eczema. Keep the affected surface covered and double up your vitamin B intake. All B deficiencies can be greatly helped by taking yeast.

Toad-skin is the result of a deficiency of vitamin A. Tiny papules appear on the fronts and sides of thighs, backs and sides of forearms, just below the elbows, and fronts of arms and shoulders. These tiny papules have blocked the hair follicles and the hairs are generally found to be coiled up inside the rough toad-skin spots.

The general public has been so well informed on the need of vitamins A and D for general health that there should be little danger of any one suffering from these deficiency troubles. Our fat rations can be augmented by occasional fat fish (herrings), sausages, fat meats. But if your skin is getting alarmingly dry, take a course of cod- or halibut-liver oil—both rich in these vitamins.

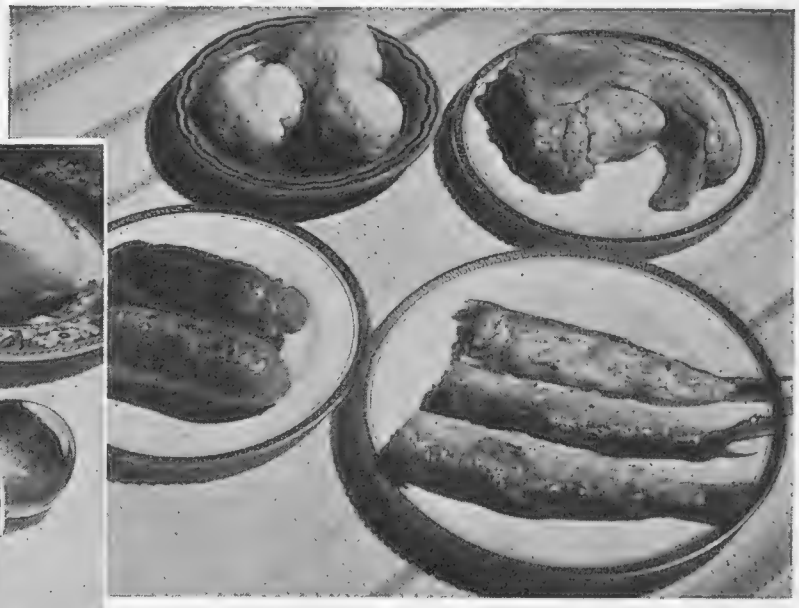
The more elusive vitamin C is one of those tricky vitamins that does not gate-crash into most menus, whether invited or not. Perhaps because of this very reason, and because it is practically lacking from winter foods, nature has arranged that the vitamin C content stored in the body can last over a few months without any ill effects. If you get some fruit in the summer, plenty of green salads and raw vegetables—which are rich in it—your winter diet can get along reasonably without it.

But the first signs of a serious deficiency are the same papules mentioned for a vitamin A deficiency; only with vitamin C they appear in different parts of the body, notably on the buttocks, backs of calves and thighs and there is a great dryness of the skin.

Lemons, oranges, raw tomatoes and potatoes are rich in vitamin C. Tomatoes last about four months of the year, oranges and lemons come along occasionally. Take as much as you can when you can, storing up the contents.

Although cooking deteriorates the vitamins in potatoes, most of us take this vegetable in such quantities that the amount consumed compensates for the lower content.

The Ministry of Food issue many tables showing the vitamins and what they are contained in. At this time of the year when we have had several months of winter's foods and another few months to go, it is wise to take those tables seriously and see that we have, each day, something containing every vitamin.



Augment your fat ration by herrings, sausages, fat meats, to help your intake of vitamins A and D. *(On left)* Lentil, pea or bean soup correct vitamin B deficiency

The Short Turn To Glamour

Look out for Louise Allbritton, new shining star of Universal Pictures, crystallizing glamour, with her gay beauty, her suave hairstyle, her elegant dressing

GLAMOUR—that over-worked word—does not depend on beauty of features. No matter how homely you are, the magic of make-up and the applied arts of attraction can lend you glamour.

The password is self-confidence. It is impossible to move with glamour if you are thinking "my ankles are too fat," or "those under-eye shadows add ten years to my face." Get your figure into shape, your face at its best, your hair healthy, your hands groomed, then stop your orgy of self-criticism, and float on the buoy of your best features.

Poise, perfect ease of perfect posture, is the first step. Limber up so that every joint in your body works with the ease of a rag doll. Always do your exercises with muscles relaxed, and, whenever possible, to the music of a gramophone or wireless.

Study yourself full-length in the mirror, watch your standing posture, your walking posture, your various sitting positions. Avoid mincing movements. At first you may feel that you are assuming postures, but if you are clever and diligent you will finish by having a natural beauty of movement and grace of repose.

The same applies to eyes and mouth. Learn which eye and mouth expressions are becoming, and use them. This does not mean flicker your lashes, simper or acquire any forcible or unnatural expressions.

Sit chin held in hands, looking down at a book on the table under your elbows. Do a lid-muscles exercise by slowly lifting your lids and eyes until you are looking high up to the left, lower them just as slowly. Repeat this slow, lid-lifting exercise several times a day, with both eyes, until you have perfect mastery over the muscles around your eyes. Ordinary eye exercises help considerably too.

Hair must be healthy, and then you can add glamour either by a new, charming hair-do, or by a little attention to colour. When colour rinses and henna are obtainable again, they are the thing for mousey hair. Meanwhile, although peroxide deteriorates the hair by making it porous, if you use it after a shampoo, let it dry and then rinse it off. Using just twenty volumes, you should find it only makes about two tones difference to your hair.

If you are going to resort to artifices, make sure that you use a heavy oil in your hair before shampooing, leaving it overnight. There is still an excellent one obtainable. If you can afford it, have your tinting done at a salon. But if you are under thirty, rely on the natural beauty of your hair, the shine and the hair style.

The next study is your voice. A deep soft voice with clear diction is always attractive, cultivate it and you will find people remembering it as a delighting asset. Your speech, your actual words need as much thought as your actions and make-up. If your voice is soft and weak, it is most likely because you have no breath power behind it. Exercise your vocal cords by repeating your vowels and by reading aloud, semi-voice. Try breathing exercises.

Now for the modern magic—make-up. Practise your lipstick application and get it perfect. Accent your bottom lip. Try different outlines if you have a problem mouth, but never let your lips look jammy.

Eyes can be featured too with make-up. Mascara is essential in most cases; only a few find it anything but improving to the appearance. If you say it looks cheap, that is because it is noticeable and you most likely need a lighter brown, or a cleaner brush. Eye colouring can be brought out with a feather-light application of eye-shadow.

Naturally, the red-head with green eyes and a nymph's figure can acquire glamour with far less time and thought than the mouse-hazel-plump combination. But it is possible for nearly every woman, if she has the time, energy and intelligence, to cast her glamour over someone.

Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

3 DISHES FROM 1

1 With a sharp pointed knife, carefully remove the bone from a shoulder of mutton (or leg); flatten the meat, and trim the edges. In place of the bone put a stuffing made of breadcrumbs, a crushed clove of garlic, chopped onions and herbs, pepper and salt, bound together with reconstituted egg.

Roll the meat into a neat roll, sew up at the two ends and hold tight with a skewer or two. Roast in the ordinary way, basting frequently, and allowing 35 minutes to each pound of meat in a medium oven. Remove the skewers and thread before serving with a puree of spinach,

2 Using the trimmings mentioned above, mince, and mix with 2 large fried onions, 4 rashers of chopped bacon, salt and pepper. Have ready 2 cupfuls of mashed potatoes; mix them with 1 cupful of flour and 3 eggs (dry).

Moisten with just enough milk to form a stiff paste, and model the paste into small baskets or cups. Fill each with the minced meat, cover with margarine shavings, arrange in a fireproof dish, and leave in a hot oven with 2 oz. of melted margarine until the potatoes are golden brown.

3 See that all the meat is cut or scraped away from the bones removed from the shoulder used above; break the bones into as many pieces as possible with a chopper, cover with about 4 pints of water and simmer for as long as possible (3 to 4 hours).

Strain off the liquid and keep until the next day when the fat will have solidified on the surface and can be removed easily. Bring it to the boil with 3 onions, 2 carrots, and 1 small turnip, let simmer for a further 2 hours. Add salt and pepper to taste, and serve in cups without the vegetables. This is an excellent "pick-me-up."

Especially For The Man

MUSCOVITE SOUP

Dice 4 onions and fry until golden brown; add the finely shredded heart of a cabbage and leave for 10 minutes over a low fire. Mix in 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and finally 3 pints of strong vegetable stock to which 3 meat cubes have been added. Stir until boiling and then let simmer for 1 hour. Season to taste, and add 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar. Serve with small fried meat balls, the size of a nut.

MYSTERIOUS BREAD

Neatly remove all the crust from a square sandwich loaf (stale); scoop out the centre with great care, line thinly with sausage meat and fill with a mixture of fried pieces of bacon, chopped meat (left overs) and macaroni mixed with a white sauce. Place in a fireproof dish in a hot oven (grease the dish first) and baste frequently with melted lard until the bread is golden brown and crisp.

CORNISH PASTIES FOR BREAKFAST

On a round or oval piece of rough pastry, put some finely cut-up meat, raw for preference, and some chopped parboiled potatoes. Season well, fold over, press the edges together, and leave in a low oven until the pastry is golden brown (about 20 to 30 minutes).

STEWED HAKE

Cut 2 lb. of hake into steaks ¾ inch thick, flour them well on both sides, and fry brown in dripping. Drain the fish; slice an onion and a carrot, and fry in a stew-pan with a small bunch of herbs and a bay leaf; put the hake on it, cover with ½ pint vegetable stock, and let simmer for 20 minutes.

Arrange the hake on a hot dish, strain the gravy, thicken, and pour over. Scatter with finely chopped capers (if not obtainable pickled cucumbers) and serve very hot.

HAMPSHIRE PUDDING

Take sufficient rhubarb, cut into inch lengths, to fill a pudding basin. Grease the basin, put the rhubarb into it, and then pour

By HARRIET MUIR

3 DISHES FROM 1

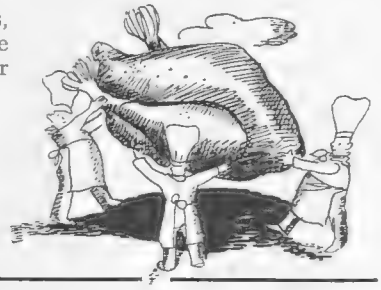
1 Carefully bone a large boiling fowl (or try and persuade the poulterer to do it for you as it isn't easy), remove the leg sinews, season the inside with salt, pepper, a pinch of powdered mace, and cayenne; spread on it 1½ lb. of sausage meat, and on this arrange strips of bacon, and 2 or 3 mushrooms that have simmered until tender in a little stock.

Make into a neat roll, and sew into shape with needle and thread. Grease a clean cloth, and tie the meat in it, forming into the shape of a roll. Put the bones and giblets in a stew-pan with a bacon bone, 2 carrots, 1 onion stuck with cloves, 1 leek, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, parsley, and a heart of celery. Put in the meat, cover with boiling vegetable stock, and simmer gently for 2½ hours.

Remove the galantine, undo the cloth, roll up again tighter, and press under a heavy weight until cold. When required, trim neatly, garnish, and serve for lunch or supper.

2 The stock the galantine has been cooked in will make good soup, and the giblets, if added to a small quantity of steak that has been cut into neat pieces and stewed until tender, will make an excellent pie. The crust should not be thick, and the pie only needs baking long enough to cook the paste.

3 Remove the fat from the stock, boil up and strain, add ½ teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a good teaspoonful of meat extract, 2 lumps of sugar (or rough equivalent), salt and pepper to taste. Cook ¼ lb. of macaroni, cut into tiny pieces, rinse in boiling water, place equally in each plate, pour over the soup, and serve.



On Leave

over a batter made as follows: Put 2 tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, add 2 reconstituted eggs, and mix to a smooth paste. Add, by degrees, ¼ pint of milk, or rather more if necessary, as the batter should be of the consistency of rich cream. Tie the basin over with a floured cloth, and steam the pudding for 1½ hours. Turn out to serve, and hand sugar (brown if possible) with it. This pudding is also delicious made with green gooseberries.

SALMON À LA CONSTANCE

Prepare a good-sized vol-au-vent case, or cut a thick round of bread, mark with the point of a knife an inner circle, carefully remove the bread, leaving a neat case, fry a pale golden brown, and keep hot until required. Flake the contents of a small tin of salmon, removing all skin and bone, place in a double saucepan, and cover with the following sauce: Fry 1 oz. of margarine with 1 oz. of flour, add ½ pint of fish stock made with the bones and liquid from the tin, a gill of milk, and, if possible, 3 mushrooms well washed and cut into tiny dice. Pour this over the salmon, make all thoroughly hot, and fill the case with the mixture.

LOST SAUSAGES

Have ready 2 small sausages per person, also some well-shaped potatoes, 1 to each sausage. Peel the potatoes very carefully, keeping the shape as good as possible; then, cut out the entire centre of each, taking care not to break the walls but leaving a good opening through. With a sharp knife cut the skin of the sausages and remove it.

Have ready some finely chopped parsley and roll each sausage in it, pressing the parsley firmly into the meat. Flavour with a light powdering of dry mustard, and press each sausage into a potato. Cut out small rings of thin bread and close the ends with them. Roll the potatoes in a little flour, egg and bread-crumb them, or, alternately, coat with a stiff batter. Fry in deep boiling fat until nicely brown.

Sprinkle with a little fried parsley before serving.

HOW TO MAKE *A Real Curry*

As to the curry powder itself. I am not going to suggest that the busy housewife of to-day should make her own powder, although it is extremely simple, but simply that she should add one or two ingredients to the bottled stuff and thus render her dish a very much better imitation of a real Indian curry.

The average curry powder to be bought in England is made up of ginger, coriander and cumin seeds, chili and turmeric; two of the principal flavouring ingredients, onion and garlic, are thus omitted.

Here is a good recipe which will do as well for meat as for fish, as we are only concerned here with the actual mixture.

Take a piece of cabbage heart the size of an egg, chop finely, and add a small sour apple thinly sliced; add the juice of a lemon (or substitute), a saltspoon of pepper, and a tablespoonful of curry powder. Mix thoroughly. Next, chop finely 6 medium-sized onions and fry until a golden brown, add a clove of garlic, also chopped, 2 oz. of margarine, and 1 pint of strong meat gravy. Bring to the boil, stir in the rest of the mixture, add what meat you have available (preferably uncooked) cut into small squares, and simmer until the meat is so well done it falls apart.

Only rice, in a separate dish, must be served with curry, and should be cooked in the following manner:—

Wash thoroughly a sufficient quantity of rice, strain, and while stirring with a fork, transfer to a large saucepan of boiling water. Boil rapidly for about 10 minutes, or until the rice is just tender (test a grain as it must not be too soft), stop the boiling with a dash of cold water, strain very thoroughly, return to the dry, but still warm, saucepan, cover with a cloth, shaking occasionally to separate the grains, and serve quickly.

You Want Her To Grow Up Beautiful

By LOUISA KAY

A WOMAN friend once said to me, speaking of her small daughter: "She isn't beautiful, but I intend to tell her she is and you will see what it does."

I did see, because already this small girl had grace and the beginnings of a poise which older and greater beauties might have envied.

Feminine beauty is, after all, so much more than a matter of face and form. Composure, deportment, the lilt of a voice, the quality of a smile, the radiance of health—all these together build up to the irresistible combination which is loveliness.

If you want your daughter to grow up a beauty, make her one. Give her the build-up of a beauty whether or not Nature has contributed the features and the colouring of perfection.

Starting from babyhood, you have quite a task on your hands to teach her to act beautiful, without vanity and without affectation. But every moment you put into it, every penny you spend will be worth while. The programme includes things that may at first seem irrelevant. That is the cultivation of composure and self command, natural grace, good health, immaculate grooming, and the charming assurance which the possession of these faculties ensures.

Whether or not she has been born a beauty, every little girl should be brought up in the understanding that her physical loveliness depends first upon good health and secondly upon the intellectual vitality which shines like an inward flame. Physical beauty, unlit from within, is slight and meaningless.

Quantities of fresh air, a simple well-balanced diet and plenty of exercise give the start on the road to beauty. Fresh air and exercise keep the blood pure and the circulation strong. This means a clean complexion, vitality and a strong bulwark against infection. A well-balanced diet ensures the growth of strong, healthy teeth, shining hair, firm flesh and rounded curves.

Nearly all things are possible in dentistry to-day. Uneven teeth can be straightened, decay and gum inflammation which, in their turn, infect the throat and undermine the general health, can be checked by regular twice-yearly visits to the dentist. These regular visits to the dentist should start before the second teeth appear.

Regular, vigorous brushing of the hair, both night and morning, stimulates the circulation of the scalp, keeping the hair shining smooth and encouraging its growth.

Deep breathing as a habit, will encourage health, bright eyes and firm and lovely breasts. Breathing exercises in the open air should be part of the daily routine from babyhood.

They need not be tedious. When you are out walking, make a game of breathing deeply and evenly. Regular practice expands the lungs and from then on, breathing becomes deeper and more effective all the time. It is good for you, too.

Exercise, taken under the instruction of an expert in Swedish drill or physical culture, does far more than encourage good development of muscle and tissue. It teaches control, which is the secret of graceful movement.

Ballet dancing lessons should start at four or five years of age. If your small girl has been taught, as dancing does teach, to sit and walk and stand and move with controlled grace instead of flopping, she has mastered one of the essentials of deportment and one of the basic secrets of beauty.

Later on, elocution will mellow and soften her voice, improve her diction and endow her with another priceless asset. Voice production started in earliest youth gives control of the vocal organs and produces a tone and quality which is a joy to listen to, besides cultivating the perfect though unaffected accent which is so very much envied.

These accomplishments cannot be acquired in a week. They are built up gradually from little girlhood throughout youth. These accomplishments will add something to the cost of her education. Good teachers in dancing and elocution are an essential, but every penny spent on the business of building your daughter up for beauty will be handsomely repaid.

Don't encourage her to think as a grown-up woman, or to act as one, though she may love to dress up in your clothes. Discourage vanity and stimulate her assurance in herself. The growth and development of her intelligence will aid you in this. Conceit is only the refuge of the stupid. Simplicity can be one of her greatest charms and will not interfere with her poise if she has been thoroughly trained for beauty.

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The Good News Came . . .

(*Continued from page* 13)

these which the world still relied for the bringing of news until the nineteenth century was well begun. It is, moreover, probable that savage countries were equal if not superior to more advanced civilizations in their methods of conveying messages, by means of the "bush telegraph," which—whether drum, or smoke, or light signals—still remains to a certain extent a mystery.

It was trade and commerce, as so often happens, that was responsible for the speeding up of communications.

The news of Waterloo, for example, had reached England twenty-four hours ahead of the official, and many days before the London mail with its sweating team spoiled the dinner then a-cooking before the "Roebuck's" fire. The story has been often told, and generally incorrectly, of the foundation of the Rothschild fortune. Briefly, the true tale is this. Nathan Rothschild had, in fact, perfected a system of pigeon post in order to keep himself informed of the progress of affairs on the Continent. But it was not any pigeon which brought the news of Waterloo. The banker himself was actually present on the fringes of the battle, and as soon as he knew how it had gone he made all haste to the coast, crossed the Channel in an open boat, and—so the story goes—made the first of his millions as a result of his "inside knowledge."

NEWS of naval victories, of course, often travelled more slowly still. Collingwood's despatches after Trafalgar were carried to England by the schooner *Pickle*, the only ship that could be spared for the purpose from the battle-scarred and sea-battered fleet, and November was already half spent before Lieutenant Lapenotiere, having travelled post from Falmouth after a stormy passage across the Bay, rattled up to the door of the Admiralty to present to Lord Barham, then asleep in bed, the historic tidings whose safe delivery was, incidentally, to earn the bearer a sword of honour.

The first telegraph system was, in fact, already in use in France some years before Trafalgar. It was the invention of a young Frenchman named Chappe, and had, so the story goes, been used by him and his brother when boys at school. Chappe's system was the earliest type of semaphore, and a representation of his instrument may be seen on the monument of the Citoyen Chappe in Paris.

The British Government, with characteristic dislike of innovations, looked askance at all such devices for many years, although many were presented to the powers that be, and a few given a trial. The first of these were not of the semaphore type. Lord George Murray's system, for instance, was one of board shutters, operated by means of ropes pulled up and down, and, as the apparatus was easily put out of order by strong winds, or interfered with by mist and fog, it was by no means reliable, with results which were sometimes more than disconcerting. On one occasion during the Peninsular War, for instance, the startling words were telegraphed from Dover to London: "Wellington defeated." This abrupt message caused the greatest alarm in the capital; funds slumped, business was at a standstill, and the words "The French are coming!" were whispered in every household. It was not until four words were added to the previous two, namely, "the French at Salamanca," that the metropolis breathed again.

Later, a succession of semaphores took the place of these clumsy shutter devices, one of which, the invention of Sir Home Popham, came into operation between the Admiralty, Portsmouth and Plymouth, and remained in use until comparatively recent times. The words "Telegraph Hill" and "Semaphore Hill" which still occur on the Ordnance Survey, mark the route taken by this system, and buildings, some of them converted into dwelling-houses, and one at least still containing the machinery which operated the semaphore, are to be found along its course.

AND so, once again, we come back to that same curve of the South Downs with which this brief purview opens.

There is a Tom Baverstock there to-day; but he is climbing off a tractor as the church clock strikes twelve, and making his leisurely way across the field to the "Roebuck."

There is no coach at its door to-day. In fact, not a soul is to be seen, for every one—including a couple of soldiers on leave who have been playing darts for pints—is gathered in the parlour round the wireless, regardless of a smell of burning which drifts in from the kitchen just as it did a hundred and fifty years ago.

"This is the news . . ."

Good news—and however it may come—by fleet-footed runner devouring the miles like a field that a fire runs through—by sweating team—by labouring oar—or by the modern miracle of wireless—in one respect it is always the same. For still, as in the lovely old words of the Authorised Version, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that beareth good tidings . . . that publisheth Peace . . ."

END

Back To Luxury

(*Continued from page* 15)

lavish fancy of the designs, of hats especially, and the aplomb with which the wearers carry on shoulders, heads and hips, fashion creations which suggest the mood of a Mi-Careme carnival in Venice as sketched by a Dumas in one of his more opulent moments.

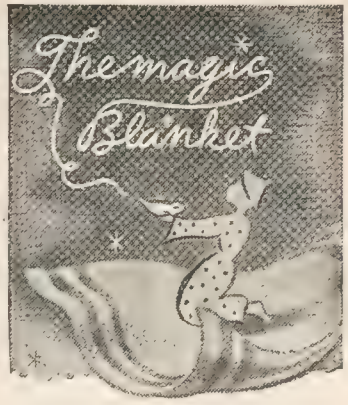
The Seville wedding display has been termed "fascist extravagance." In fact, it is merely a pre-view of women dressing the way they would want to dress, on a grand occasion, if the war were over.

Drop in on New York or Washington, and you have the same picture on a larger scale and at a lower social level—doubly significant of the universal woman-hunger for glamour. These women are not European upper-crust members attending a royal wedding in a fascist-State cathedral city. They are mostly the wives and daughters of businessmen, domestic and South-American-visiting. In the smart spots, restaurants, hotel lounges, receptions, shows, parties, they stun the war visitor with the fashion picture of a modern Versailles at the peak of Marie Antoinette's frivolities.

One can get that in London, too, in a few spots, hotel-restaurant, and diplomatic or private party. But London is still war-austere, while the American big city . . . well, here's a New York daily newspaper of end-November, 1944. Although they reckon they're down to starvation newsprint rations, this paper runs twenty-five pages daily. Between news of war reverses in Europe, and a tightening of the American war effort, the American woman reads glamour articles and studies glamour photos, headlined thus:—

"New Season Brings In a Riot of Vivid Pinks for Fingernails, Foundations and Lipsticks." "Paris Gowns Feature New Sleeve; Intricate Use of Skins in Fur Collection" (that's a 600-word dispatch by wireless from Paris). "Luxury Mood" (photo of a wrap-round broadtail coat, "the wide sleeves lavishly cuffed with sable"). "Make-over Jobs From Hair-do to Foot Massage Are The Chief Concern of a Just-opened Salon." "Heim of Paris Shows Dresses With Slightly Hobbled Skirts."

This is not a monthly fashion journal; it's a daily newspaper. And none of these things is an advertisement. They're normal feature articles and photos run to meet woman reader demand for fashion and glamour news, views, and hints. (*Continued on page* 52)



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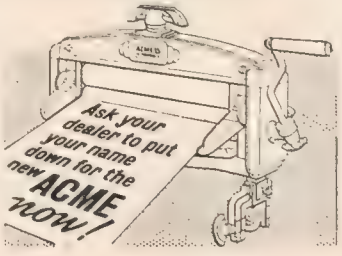
And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again—a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON—see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.



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It would run the same way in Britain if (*a*) the newspaper owners had the newsprint to use, (*b*) the ban were lifted from manufacture and/or import of high-grade perfumes and high heels for women's shoes, (*c*) clothes were sold without coupons or there were more coupons, and furs were imported in quantity and not purchase-taxed 100 per cent. The hunger's there, the money's there: all that's lacking is the goods.

On all these, and like signs, it is reasonable to conclude that those who expect the glamour market to take as big a bound after this war, as it took after the last war—or bigger—are not being madly optimistic. They are not gambling with economics: they're playing along with human nature.

Pre-war, Britain's women spent nearly £100,000,000 a year on cosmetics and hair-dos. They bought 80 million lipsticks a year, kept 32,000 hairdressers' shops busy. Fourteen thousand chemists depended largely on sales to them of beauty and toilet preparations. Beauty salons, specializing in expensive treatments, from mud and bubble baths to massage and face packs, were increasing fast. Fashions and cosmetics topped the advertising revenue list. The figures for America's 50,000,000 women ran much higher. Even Russia had developed a fashion industry and published fashion magazines.

The pre-war setup was that Paris led in creative fashions, London in sports and tailored clothes, New York in "play clothes," a new glamour field. But the Britons won some of the fashion business after 1940, when on the heels of the elder-statesman dandy, Lord Willingdon, the old Etonian dandy, Harcourt Johnstone, head of the Overseas Trade Department, dispatched seventy-seven stunning models, created by the nine leading

Back To Luxury

British fashion houses, and eighteen even more stunning mannequins to show them (following private views to the Diplomatic Corps and privileged grandees) simultaneously at the Alvear Palace Hotel in Buenos Aires, and the Copacabana in Rio de Janeiro. This war-time fashion assault was part-financed by the British Treasury.

Whether the won ground is retained, extended, or lost, depends not on "British Fashions are Best" guff splurged in the Press for home consumption, but on realities relating to what women want and will buy against all competition and patriotic urges.

The French lost a lot of their trade to the British after the last war because they were complacent while the British newcomers were aggressive and fertile.

After this war we may get a shake up of the established men and houses. It depends on their adaptability, how accurately they gauge women's post-war notions of what they want to look like. Only one thing is certain: the functionalism of the war phase is on its way out. But what will follow?

It's a toss-up whether women will ultimately go in for American stream-lined but lavish modes, or French extravagant and ultra-feminine fashions which throw back to the 1820's and 1830's, or a British compromise. The only thing that all agree upon is that whatever it is, it will have to be glamorous, brilliant, and excitant. Because even before the fire, fog and thunder of war has cleared, the girls and women are showing, frankly, even fiercely, that that is what they want and will have.

END

What Sort of Future for the Liner?

(*Continued from page* 16)

acquisitions, notably the huge *Leviathan* (ex-*Imperator*) which could not, no matter how hard they tried, be made to pay. The American's bid was with the *Washington* and *Manhattan*, both of 24,000 tons, and very practical from the balance sheet point of view.

Meanwhile, this slow and cautious search for the best type of passenger ships was complicated by other factors. Chauvinism reared its ugly head, and we were threatened by monsters from both France and Italy, ships which might or might not be made to pay, but would be magnificent advertisements for the countries whose flags they flew.

So the *Queen Mary* was laid down, a giant of 81,000 tons; and laid down she remained during the financial depression of the early thirties. But, when she was finally put into service in 1936, it was found that this gargantuan craft was not (as was the French *Normandie* and the Italian *Rex*) a floating palace so much as three or four 20,000-tonners rolled into one. She was not over-burdened with excessive luxury or imperial suites and the too-spacious fittings of the pre-1914 liners so much as packed with modest-priced cabins. She contained few new ideas, but many old ones. Even her funnels were the fat and bulky affairs long favoured by her Clydeside builders.

Her sister ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, which has never gone into public service, made more concessions to streamlining and "modernity"; but whatever may be the future of these colossal twins, it must be said of them that the winning of the war might have been impossible without them.

Stripped of their fittings (in the case of the fully-fitted *Queen Mary*) they have brought the bulk of the American Army to Europe, sometimes at the rate of 17,000 men a voyage, travelling at high speed and without convoy.

But all this is incidental to the great question of what sort of future awaits the floating liner.

On some world runs, the South Atlantic for example, the British shipowners have already shown the way by grouping themselves into an air line. This was a sphere of passenger shipping which the British once ruled, but which other countries were rapidly stealing before the war, notably Germany with one fast ship (the *Cap Arcona*) against our more sedate types.

Now, whereas on the North Atlantic run many a person would enjoy a five- or six-day holiday travelling on the sea, the three weeks to a South American port becomes tedious. It may well be divided between ship and airplane, the passenger travelling to a West African base from London by air, and thence onwards by sea to Rio Janeiro and by air again to Buenos Aires.

Other sea routes may be similarly divided, as was the Suez passage to India before the building of the Canal, or as the P. & O. speeded its Far Eastern service before the war by its own express train across France to Marseilles. The fleets of the P. & O.—a notable sufferer from U-boats in this war, as the last—and the Orient were all at their highest level in 1939, the modest requirements of the usual Far Eastern traveller having been enriched by the demands of the "pleasure cruise" public. This side of the liner business, which started in the depression as a stop-gap trade, had become a prime factor in ship designing by the middle of the thirties Such vessels as the P. & O.'s *Strathallan*, of 24,000 tons, was far ahead of anything serving the Far Eastern ports, even as recently as fifteen years ago. The Orient Line's *Orcades*, of 23,000 tons, was another fine vessel of the same type.

What sort to build next?

One imagines that with the ships we salvage from Germany's wreck, with the probable obliteration of the Italian liner fleet and foreign competition generally (for the U.S. has been building cargo vessels, not liners) we should have enough of a fleet afloat to carry on for some years until the strength of air travel asserts itself and can be accurately gauged. What immediate building there is in the passenger business will probably be on lines which the Dutch developed, of fast cargo ships with modest passenger accommodation.

Shipping circles generally believe that never again will the world see the launching of such vessels as the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Normandie* or even a *Rex*, of a mere 51,000 tons. (*Continued on page* 54)

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As far as the Atlantic is concerned, they think that the namesake of the famous *Mauretania* (scrapped ten years ago) is the ideal liner, from the passenger's point of view—she is credited with rolling far less than some of her bigger sisters—and the point of view of the owners. The new *Mauretania* was designed as a 34,000-ton ship, and has all the space and comforts that any one could desire.

By the time our survivors of this war are ready for the scrap heap, so many changes may have taken place in world travel that no one may now prophesy with safety. Much depends on how far the mania for speed develops and how widespread is any reaction on the lines of the Chinaman who, on being assured by the driver of a fast car that he had just beaten his record up the hill to his home by two minutes, asked: "And what will you do with that two minutes?"

One estimate is safe.

After the last shot is fired in Europe, at least eighteen months must elapse before our surviving liners are back in normal service. One year will be required by the trooping-in-reverse process, and then a six months' overhaul.

END

What Sort of Future for the Liner?

Yea, There Are Four

(*Continued from page* 19)

and Davy felt a stir of anxiety. There was something on the skipper's mind.

Captain Peter's eyes lifted as he sat down at the head of the table. He took a pull of the strong black coffee. He lifted a brow at Lieutenant Kriss and the engineering officer lifted his shoulders in a faint shrug.

The skipper put his cup and saucer on the table. He passed his hand over his unruly hair. He said slowly: "Gentlemen, I hear my ship has been re-christened Mrs. Jonah. I don't like it. It isn't fair; and it is disastrous to the ship's company. The crew's efficiency is low enough without a bad name for the ship making it worse. They take their attitude from you officers. No matter how you feel it is up to you to hide it from the crew—to keep them on their toes. To make sailors of them."

He got up in the silence. "You're disappointed. So am I. But just because there have been accidents don't go jumping to conclusions. Don't condemn this lady on short acquaintance. Don't start thinking of her as a Jonah. Just remember she is your ship as much as mine. And remember she *is* a lady." He spoke over his shoulder. "Get the Book, Mr. Ames."

Davy crossed to the shelf where the few odd books were stacked. The Bible stood out in its sombre binding. He brought it across the wardroom and Captain Peters found the place; looked up. He smiled faintly. "Listen. This is from Proverbs, 30. Numbers 18 and 19." He lifted the Book higher to the light and read: "'There be three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, there are four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea . . .'" He stopped. "The way of a ship in the midst of the sea, gentlemen. You don't know—and I don't. Trust her. Have faith in her until we do know beyond the shadow of a doubt."

He walked out. Davy took up the open Book and looked at the lines. At the line the skipper had not finished quoting. Then he closed the Book gently and crossed to put it away.

The sun was westering when he reported to the bridge again.

When he heard the hail Davy put up his glasses. He focused them on the faint blur and went into the pilot house. He saluted the X.O. "Ship at ten o'clock, sir."

The skipper came from his bunk beyond the chartroom. The rest of them swore he had antennæ in his ears. He took up his glasses. "Alter course, Mr. Rice."

The *Humber* pettishly answered the rudder, swinging on to the new course. Davy lifted his glasses, kept them glued on the faint speck touching the horizon. Excitement stirred in him; vanished as the *Humber* drew close, the image in his glasses took on shape. A merchantman. A five or six thousand tonner.

Lieutenant Rice said: "A merchantman, sir?"

"Apparently," Captain Peters answered. "We'll take a look." He said: "Engine-room," and picked up the phone. The *Humber* shuddered. Almost immediately the faint shake made itself felt. Davy frowned, not daring to look at the skipper. The ship pounded along and the merchantman grew larger as Davy held the glasses on her. Battered and rusty; her decks piled high with lumber.

Captain Peters said quietly: "Make a signal. Ask her to identify herself."

There was quiet in the pilot house. Flags fluttered at last from the merchantman's halyards. Signals reported: "The *Alice Foster*, out of Hull. Dropped out of convoy, broken rudder. Swept off course while making repairs. Bound back to St. John's."

Mr. Rice said: "There was an *Alice Foster* in the convoy, sir. Fell out the first night."

The glasses before Captain Peters's eyes remained steady. His quiet voice said: "So there was, Mr. Rice. Make a signal to her to stand by."

He lowered the glasses. His eyes were narrowed. "Action stations."

Davy gulped. He jumped to the bridge contact. The bells began to clang throughout the *Humber* as the loudspeaker echoed and re-echoed: "Action stations. Go to general quarters."

He waited in agony while the seconds ticked by. The frown deepened on Captain Peters's forehead and Mr. Rice bit his lips. Then, laggard, the reports began to come in. Telephones manned; torpedo tubes in position of readiness; turrets manned. Mr. Rice saluted; spoke crisply: "Ready for action, sir. All stations manned."

Davy thought: About time, too, but the skipper only nodded. "Very good, Mr. Rice."

Davy raised his glasses. From the plotting room the range was coming in; the visibility report and wind velocity. The *Alice Foster* hadn't stopped her engines yet. He could still see the faint trace of her wake. The skipper said: "Engines full ahead," and the echo came: "Engines full ahead, sir."

Davy swallowed. He could fairly hear Lieutenant Kriss cursing below. The tremble and shake of the port shaft increased. The *Humber* began to quiver and the sound of the blowers rose to a high whine.

And then Davy forgot everything, for before his eyes the *Alice Foster* seemed to change shape. The stacks of lumber fell away and he saw the wink of lights without grasping what they were until Captain Peters said sharply: "Hard aport," and the steersman said: "Hard aport on, sir." The *Humber* heeled, protesting, quivering and clamouring, and as Davy realized what was happening the salvo raised great gouts of water in the creamy wake the *Humber* had just left.

Lieutenant Rice said slowly, fervently: "I'll be damned. A sneak."

Captain Peters spoke calmly to the steersman. The *Humber* heeled angrily again. The skipper said, his glasses focused: "Probably a submarine supply ship out of Norway. She must have picked off the *Alice Foster* or one of her subs did. She knows too much."

The glint of white in Davy's glasses showed him the swastika rising to where the Red Duster had been flying before. The Hun's guns flared again and behind him Mr. Rice said: "Six inchers, sir."

He didn't say: "We're outgunned," but Davy knew he was thinking it. Six six-inchers against their five five-inchers. And the *Humber* as dependable as a drunken bumboat woman.

The skipper spoke as if to himself. "This is it. We're not running; not calling for help. This is the test. She'll take it or funk it, but this is her chance. Engage."

The loudspeaker boomed. The *Humber* quivered in every (*Continued on page* 56)

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THE SLEEPER AWAKES

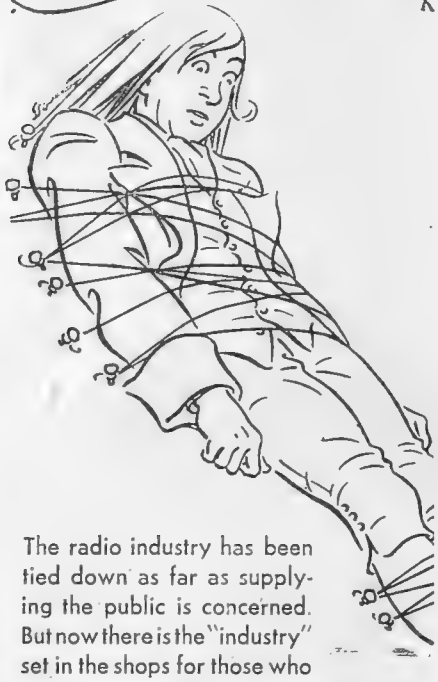

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plate. The slim muzzles of the turreted guns flared. Water rose white in the distance and the speaker boomed again. Davy's lips were white. If she funked it; if the shaft tore the port engines loose they'd be a sitting duck and the Hun was never a sportsman. He drew his breath shakily. Captain Peters was giving his orders quietly. The *Humber* zigzagged madly, agonizedly, ever reducing the range. That was Naval gospel: When attacked, too badly outgunned, get inside the five-thousand mark and get the torpedoes away.

The five-inch guns were speaking sharply, regularly. There was a sudden burst of light; a terrific concussion. The *Humber* shuddered, paused, then picked up angrily as smoke rose from the foredeck. A hit.

Davy's palms were wet. Captain Peters spoke to the steersman, turned his head. "Go down and see if you're needed, Mr. Ames."

Davy brought his hand up smartly. "Aye, aye, sir."

He was glad of the relief in action as he clambered down to where the foredeck was a mass of twisted steel. The fire party was snaking a hose towards the for'ard turret. He heard the crashing sound of a hit aft, but he didn't turn his head.

Above the shouts and cries he heard a faint cheer and he knew the *Humber's* guns had scored. But this couldn't go on long. The Hun had them well straddled. The *Humber* had no more armour than a sardine can. And crippled as she was. . . .

He tore his way into the knot of men, remembering coolly, automatically, what he had to do. There was only the *Humber's* speed to save them; to do what had to be done. Davy found himself whispering, even as he directed the men about him: "Stick it, old girl. You can do it. Give—give——"

He didn't feel the splinter that hit him. One moment he was staggering blinded and gasping from the battered turret and the next he was blinking up at the rating bending over him, blood streaming into his eyes. He struggled to his feet, dashing the blood away. "I'm all right," he said, and the rating answered: "Yes, sir. Here's the dressing station, sir."

The antiseptic stung; the tape hurt. Davy pushed his way back to the deck. The fire was under control, but the *Humber* was a shambles. As he made the bridge he was aware, suddenly, of a new sensation. A sense of quiet, pulsing, powerful thrust in the ship's forward motion. There was no protesting shake from the port shaft. There were no querulous overtones. Only that surging speed; the hiss of the high bow waves; a grim, determined roar of engines and blowers.

He saluted. Took up his station. The *Humber* was still zigzagging madly. Captain Peters said quietly: "Fire starboard torpedo tubes."

A shell whined overhead. Aft there was a crashing burst. As Davy waited the echo came from the panels. He didn't see the torpedoes go. He heard their report, "Starboard torpedoes fired, sir," and Captain Peters spoke again. The *Humber* swung in a sharp turn, reversing her course. Captain Peters said: "Fire port torpedoes."

The glasses trembled in Davy's hands. He saw the Hun suddenly obscured by a sheet of flame and spray. She seemed to rise as if lifted by Neptune's angry hand, then settle, bow and stern falling away from each other. Captain Peters said calmly: "Cease fire. Stand by to pick up survivors." As if by signal there rose a cheer from the decks, from within and without, that made Davy's breath

Yea, There Are Four

catch in his throat. The *Humber* surged on, grimly, determined. Mr. Rice said breathlessly: "A miracle, sir. She did it. She came through."

The skipper's eyes were bright. "'Too wonderful for me,'" he quoted. "'The way of a ship in the midst of the sea.' A lady—every inch of her when it came to the test." He swung about, his eyes going to the wide tape. "You all right, Davy?"

Davy felt his eye sting at the salutation; the implied approval. "I'm fine. Just fine, sir," he grinned.

The *Humber* was in the graving dock, but not dishonoured, not disgraced. Rather she sat, more like a scrap-heap than a destroyer, proud and confident and her crew hung about her affectionately as if loath to abandon her to the yard gang.

Davy thought of that as he came out the gate and waited for the trolley. There was no feverish doubt in him—only a man's acceptance earned in battle. He put in the call uptown. He said: "Hello, Sarah Jane, this is Davy Ames."

Her voice was queerly high. "How nice, Mr. Ames. I'm sorry I couldn't wait at the Museum. You didn't come—or did you?"

"I want to see you," Davy said. "May I come up?"

"Do, by all means. The more the merrier."

THE butler opened the door to Davy. From the foyer he could hear the voices; the laughter rising above the radio music. He gave his cap to the man, turned to the small sitting-room. "Will you ask Miss Sarah Jane to come here?"

He took a cigarette from his pocket, lighted it and then crushed it in a tray. He felt as he had when the Hun opened fire.

Sarah Jane came in, slim and straight, her hair lifting from her shoulders. Emily was with her, nose crinkling. "Why, Mr. Ames, you've been brawling. How is the other man?"

Davy spoke briefly; like Captain Peters on his bridge. "Go away. I want to talk to Sarah Jane. Alone."

Emily stiffened. Then as if acknowledging his tone—his right to it—she went out. Davy looked at Sarah Jane in the soft blue dress. Her eyes were wide, dark. "Davy, you—you've been in action."

"That's why I couldn't come." He moved to her. "I've got to know. I love you. I have for a long time. I've got to know whether there's a chance for me. Where I stand."

He saw a pulse beat in her neck; the way her lips parted. Her hands rose in a gesture. "Oh, Davy, where do you think? I thought you'd forgotten Montreal. I thought you'd changed. Just wanted to play the field. I——"

Davy's heart lifted. "There's only you. There never could be any one else."

She was warm in his arms, her head against his shoulder. "Davy, I thought you didn't care——"

He stopped her lips with his kiss. "You—you might have been killed."

"Stow it," Davy said. "You're Navy now. You don't think of such things."

He looked down at her; at her flushed face, her parted lips and honest grey eyes. He thought: Yea, there are four. And the fourth was the most wonderful of all. "The way of a man with a maid." And of a maid with a man, too. He could count on her, as he could on the *Humber*. To the very end. And that was a grand feeling.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 24)

More criticism was heaped on the police, who in their turn complained of the numbers of sympathizers in league with their quarry. One day, Hare had posted some of his men, Aaron included, near one of the hiding places known only to the gang. The figure of a woman appeared in the distance. When she was within 300 yards of them she stooped to pick an empty sardine tin which had been carelessly tossed aside by the police. She was Mrs. Byrne. She looked suspiciously around, walked slowly on till she reached the spot where Aaron was crouching, and then vanished. Aaron's comment was: "If she has seen me, then I'm a dead man." In spite of being warned not to go, he set off that night to see the Byrnes, for he wanted to know whether he had been seen or not. He had prepared an alibi in case of awkward questions. When he (*Continued on page* 58)

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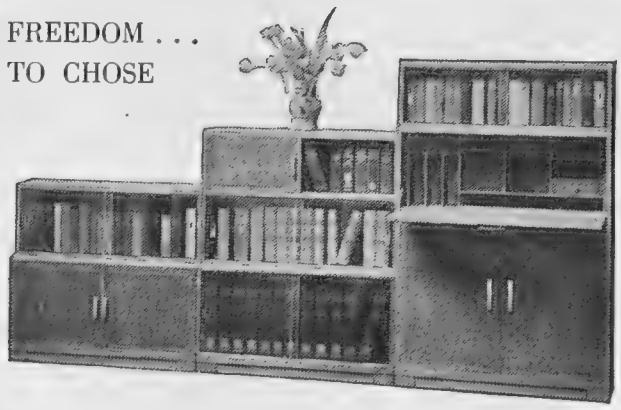

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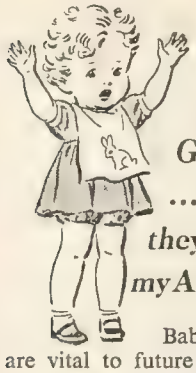

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FOODS FOR INFANTS

F37/BE/J

arrived his fiancée did not come out to meet him as she usually did when he whistled. He entered the house and Mrs. Byrne said to him at once: "You are the only one who could have brought the police there." He denied the accusation. But he was penalized all the same, for the girl broke off their engagement.

For eight or nine months the police searched far and wide, but their work was hampered by hundreds of spies who had nothing to fear from them but everything from the bandits.

One night Aaron Sherritt was in his hut when someone knocked on the door. It was a man who called out that he had lost his way, so Aaron opened the door to let him in. As soon as he did so a shot was fired which caused him to reel back into the hut. Framed in the doorway stood his pal, Joe Byrne, a rifle in his hand. For a few seconds the two men looked at each other without speaking a word; then Byrne raised his rifle again and shot to kill. Aaron's faith in his friend had cost him his life. This happened at nine o'clock on Saturday night, June 26th, 1880.

Four hours later Ned Kelly heard that the police knew of the murder and that Superintendent Hare with a posse of mounted police and some native trackers were coming by train to Glenrowan, only three miles from his home. So at two-thirty in the morning he and Hart compelled some railway workmen at the pistol point to take up the rails about half a mile from the station, at a point where there was a drop of more than thirty feet at either side of the track. After the job had been done the railwaymen were marched off to Glenrowan and locked up in Mrs. Jones's hotel. This hotel stood on a hilltop some two hundred yards away from the station.

Every passer-by and every person connected with the station was forced to join the other prisoners in the hotel. This round-up went on all through Sunday. Kelly made no secret of his intention. The train that was coming would be filled with his enemies and he meant to wipe out the lot in one stroke.

Amongst the prisoners was the schoolmaster, Mr. Curnow, who made up his mind to prevent this disaster at any cost. By denouncing someone who was supposed to have hidden a revolver and helping the bandits to find it, he managed to gain their confidence and was allowed to sleep that night in his own house.

It was just after midnight when Mr. Curnow heard the far-off sound of the approaching train. Snatching up a red scarf and a candle he ran towards the line, past the spot where the lines had been torn up, and was just in time to brandish his impromptu danger signal. Superintendent Hare had taken the precaution of sending a pilot engine ahead of the train. The engine stopped and Curnow quickly explained what had happened, then hurried back to his house, satisfied that he had averted a horrible disaster, but also rather nervous of the results of his actions, which followed immediately.

The train whistle warned the bandits of its approach and they braced themselves to hear the crash; but none came. Instead there was a period of intense silence. Every light in the hotel had been extinguished and the wooden building stood stark against the light of the setting moon. Cautiously a small group of men, led by Hare, crept towards the spot. Then, when they were within twenty yards, three shots greeted them. One of the bullets severed the artery in Hare's wrist. Quickly a battle developed. From inside the building came the screams of the people who had been imprisoned there.

Superintendent Hare was forced to order the "cease fire." Several bullets had pierced the flimsy wooden walls and a number were injured. The policemen called to the people to break out and escape from the hotel, but it was too difficult for them to do so. The siege lasted all night and part of the next morning. At noon the terrified people made a supreme effort and broke out of their prison. But the bandits remained inside. Suddenly Ned Kelly stepped boldly forward, firing his gun and laughing. Police rifles were concentrated on him, but he seemed invulnerable for he was wearing armour.

At last, however, he was hit in the legs. He fell and was carried away alive.

The next dramatic episode was the appearance on the scene of a woman on horseback, dressed almost like a musketeer. Attracting attention momentarily from the hotel she rode boldly up to the besiegers and said; "I want to see my brother."

She was Kelly's sister, Mrs. Skillian.

They asked her to persuade Dan Kelly and Steve Hart to surrender, since Byrne was already shot dead. It happened that shortly before her arrival one of the policemen had set fire to the hotel, and flames were already beginning to gush forth. The indomitable woman retorted that she would rather see them burned alive than ask them to surrender, and imperturbably she stood there, watching the building collapse amid leaping flames and smoke.

Dan Kelly, Hart and Byrne, were all found charred by the fire, while Ned Kelly paid the supreme penalty of the law shortly after. Thus in spectacular fashion ended a feud which had cost the State the huge sum of £150,000 over a period of two years. With it passed the tyranny of the bushranger. Australian settlers were left in peace from that time on to pursue a policy of steady progress and development towards the glorious heritage they now enjoy.

END

Oscar (*Continued from page 28*)

Domingo Savedra'y Sagasta balanced the harpoon thoughtfully in his hand, then with all his might he lifted it up and cast it away into the sea. The harpoon fell in a lovely arc with its line stretching out behind it, then cut the water with a splash and sank. Immediately the old man felt himself in the grip of a strange and terrible emotion. So this was harpooning? Wonderful! Breathlessly he stepped back and lifted an imaginary harpoon and hurled it savagely into the sea. Almost blinded by this delightful new vista he turned back to his boat.

But Oscar's little eye had missed none of this. His loving heart hardened and with a contemptuous shake of his back he shook the kind signor off into the sea and swallowed him. Then Oscar set off for home.

WHEN he got back next day he told his family what had happened. But his father merely looked at him out of the side of his eye and said nothing. He seized Oscar by the scruff of his neck and they went off in awful silence to the beach. Gustav held his son firmly by the neck and said:

"Cough!"

Oscar clamped his jaws tightly together and looked sullen: Gustav shook him sharply and said:

"Cough, ungrateful boy! Cough!"

Then Oscar coughed. Signor Savedra'y Sagasta, extremely surprised, was projected out of Oscar's mouth, taking much the same line as a harpoon. The connection actually occurred to him as he landed hard on the beach. He scrambled to his feet, combed some of the small marine creatures out of his hair and set out happily for civilization.

Not so strangely, perhaps, Signor Savedra'y Sagasta's interest in the harpooning of whales was short-lived. His gratitude to Oscar, however, for bringing him to Norway was undying. He was charmed by the blonde ladies and their smorgesbord. He has no intention of returning to Brazil and he is already writing another pamphlet.

Oscar, of course, is not an acrobat. He is junior apprentice to the Whale Board. But sometimes, on Sunday evenings, when the whale family are basking and spouting in the late sunlight, Gustav looks sharply at his eldest son out of the side of his eye, and Oscar blushes.

END

The woebegone lady's behind the times. How infuriating to have spent coupons on a certain-to-crumple fabric when all the go-ahead shops are showing those miracles of science—fabrics branded 'Tebilized'! These lovely rayons simply de-wrinkle themselves, just as wool does naturally. They drape beautifully, do away with worries about shrinkage and don't go limp after tubbing.

Another thing. When you must have a new frock, remember this: only fabrics which reach a certain very high standard of crease-resistance are *allowed* to be branded 'Tebilized.' So always ask "Is it marked 'Tebilized'?" That's the way to be band-box fresh without tears!

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Why Face and Character Count

(*Continued from page 20*)

problem because he believes that no offensive on land should be launched until an effective means—numbers, surprise, munitions, or mechanical devices—of carrying it through has been discovered. Accordingly, his dream is of a perfectly poised and equipped force with which to execute swift, incisive strokes. The great cumbersome army based on man-power graphs does not interest him."

You may bet your bottom dollar that the German "Intelligence" have got something just as precise as that, bearing on Field Marshal Montgomery. Why, one can almost see parts of it and Monty himself has contributed not a little:

"Montgomery will not undertake anything until he is ready. His streak of patience before and during battle is very highly developed. His self-confidence is supreme yet is realistically come by. He hates detail and spends his time with the big things. So keeping his mind fresh—and by living far from humming, social headquarters. He has a cricketer's horror of being caught off balance. 'Balance is a fundamental point in my military philosophy,' he says. 'The question I am always asking for the area for which I am responsible is—am I balanced? If I think that there is a sector where I am weak and that the enemy may take the opportunity, I make a new arrangement so that whatever happens I shall not be caught off balance.'

"Another leading characteristic of Montgomery is his capacity for getting into his opponent's skin in order to calculate his course of action in a given contingency. It is certain that he does this mind-reading when he retires alone to his room or caravan whose chief decoration is a large-scale picture of the opposing commander—now Rommel, now Rundstedt. By peering into the features, absorbing details of his opponent's life and character, and, where possible, noting what he did in resembling situations in the past, Montgomery hopes to forecast accurately what the general opposite is about to do."

I'm told a Fleet Street editor brought over the outsize portrait of Rundstedt and it is just another of war's hardships that, instead of waking up opposite a rosy, cheery commander (as on the posters), Montgomery's morning glance falls upon a grim, unlovely old man. Yet that face has its message. It bespeaks the perfect Prussian general, so aloof as to be hardly human, tolerant of any horror so long as it helps operations. This tall, thin old man with the bony face has got it all worked out and he prefers battles of manœuvre with the chance of brilliant Panzer thrusts. He's ready, aye, ready to match his brain and wits against any of them, out in the open.

Where a Rommel, foxy-faced, bounced around successfully for a while, some of his dash derived from spurious, *ersatz* sources. Montgomery looked into that face and outfoxed Foxeyface—towards the end the former could reckon on Rommel doing the wrong thing at the right time.

Most dangerous in tank attack when he had plenty of elbow-room, did Rommel's gangster mind (as a Nazi of almost the first hour) determine certain twisted courses of action when he got into tight corners? One is reminded of Wellington's constant opinion of Bonaparte, that the Corsican was no gentleman. This, the duke averred, enabled him sometimes to foretell how Napoleon would act in given circumstances.

Frankly, I never did, and don't now believe that in the maelstrom of modern war anything definite can be counted on by foreknowledge of the fact that a certain general habitually went through his father's pockets as a boy. On the other hand, such a flaw can be made to add up to something if it is read beside an intimate appreciation of a soldier and his work. For example, here is such a close-up actually taken from an "Intelligence" log of the past:

"Otto von Below, commands 7th Army. Not to be confused with Fritz of same name. Otto hates sitting still under blows. Believes in the counter-offensive. When we drove in the line at Peronne Otto took extraordinary risks to follow up his theory of hitting and keeping on hitting. A month later he got into trouble with the High Command (*vide* captured document), for carrying out the same impulsive and costly policy. Otto is also an adept at concealing his attentions."

And directly underneath:

"Von Mudra, commands Army Group B. A dull old gentleman of little initiative, but good disciplinarian and popular with the troops."

But what, you may say, does all this matter? Well, just this:

Supposing information were one day secured that Otto von Below, a daring offensive leader, had been transferred from his command of the 7th Army at Peronne to that of the 4th Army in Flanders? "Intelligence" at once pricked up its ears. Were there signs of an offensive preparing in Flanders? An intensive study would be ordered locally, a patient vigil kept. In the case of the 1918 Lys offensive which drew Haig's famous "Back to the Wall" message, the first information of its probability was conveyed to us by receipt of information that Sixt von Arnim, a fine soldier, had extended his flank southwards in order to take over the prospective Lys battle area.

And if the Italians had followed Below more closely, they might have spared themselves Caporetto, for it was Otto who popped up there unperceived, to do all his pet tricks.

Yes, this personal study of important commanders is no piece of hocum. The Abetz lot in Paris in pre-war days had got Gamelin down as a lifeless visionary and so he proved. Pétain could always be relied on to prefer inactivity because of casualties and it turned his into a defeatist nature. Foch was daft about the attack but what an infectious faith! And Wellington . . . if he thought he could read Napoleon, what price others' reading of him? "A patient, defensive general," they used to say, "who will search out the first appropriate ridge from behind the crown of which he may give his infantry a field of fire down the slope." So it was to the end at Waterloo.

END

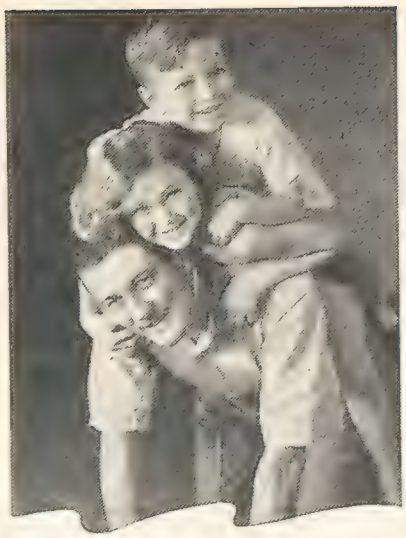
Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

Mackenzie's *Winds of Love*; the planning and writing, volume after volume, must be prodigious. Mr. Hervey Allen's "Bedford Village" (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) is but the second of a series portraying the colonial pioneering days on the Pennsylvania frontiers; and like the first, *The Forest and the Fort*, it is a chronicle of outpost skirmishes with Indians, soldiering and settlement life in the eighteenth century, and that headlong, romantic love which gave *Anthony Adverse* warmth and colour. Here, in the adventures of Salathiel Albine, ranger, is no scamping, but a solid, spacious, satisfying story.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE contemplated a sequel to her most popular novel, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which was never written. Mrs. Hicks Beach has had the courage to take up the later story of the Edmondstones of Holywell in "Amabel and Mary Verena" (Faber, 10s. 6d.), a story of rich Victorian county families which captures the spirit of the original. Amabel, after her long widowhood, marries a Marquess-Dean: her daughter Mary Verena, a charming young Navy man; and we meet again other friends a generation older. A Trollopian tale with the old-world charm of a room homely with plush, chintzes, knick-knacks, and gilt-framed portraits.

ANOTHER period piece—Miss Dorothy Hewlett's "The Two Rapps" (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.)—(*Continued on page 62*)



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POST WAR

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tells the love story of two sisters in a Victorian vicarage, and includes choleric huntin' squire, scheming governess, and handsome villain with taste for melodrama. A good "escape" novel for all who once shamelessly enjoyed Ouida and Mrs. Henry Wood.

IN *Frossia* Miss E. M. Almedingen gave us an impressive story of Soviet Russia. "Dasha" (John Lane, 8s. 6d.) reintroduces Frossia and her ardent little cripple friend, who is cured in a Crimea sanatorium, comes to Kraspole, near Leningrad, to live with her mother and step-father, develops a talent for wood-carving, marries, sees war come to Russia, and the city's tragic siege. The author's prose is impetuous, like a swallow's flight, and there is poetry in its evocation of character and scene. If you have loved Turgenev, Tolstoy, Tchekov, and Hugh Walpole's Russian stories you will love this one.

MISS KAY BOYLE, who escaped from occupied France to U.S.A., has doubtless drawn on personal experience in "Avalanche" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), the story of a half-French, half-American girl who leaves France when war comes, returns to a village in the South to help in food relief, is soon caught up in the resistance movement, helps refugees to escape, and, incidentally, revives an old love romance. It makes an exciting tale of intrigue and adventure, with sustained suspense.

Women doctors have achieved so much against professional handicaps that it is time one was made the chief character of a novel. In Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts' "The Adventurers" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) we trace the career of Judith O'Bryne from friendless, penniless student days through love, marriage, and children, to middle-age and widowhood, when research and medical reform are still her life's absorptions. It is a tale of courage and persistence which all women—and especially students in our hospital schools—will admire.

In Mr. Michael Albery's "Cellar for Six" (Hale, 8s. 6d.) a painter, soldier, actress, doctor, lawyer, and head waiter take refuge under a Soho restaurant during a raid and beguile the time by relating dramatic episodes from their lives. We do not believe for a second that they talked nonstop in this fashion, but each can be read as a vivid short story with skilful character drawing. There is an ironic touch which makes, for instance, the artist lose his girl to a colleague—who, in turn, loses in happy marriage the early promise of genius!

The most unpleasant characters I have met for a long time surround and batten on a hard-headed Berkeley Square financier and his weak-willed daughter "Charley" in Miss Pamela Kellino's "The Blinds Are Down" (Hale, 10s. 6d.). A fair sample is Alec Linton, young hack-writer and waster, whom she meets in Paris and marries. The endless conflicts are deftly handled, the characters well drawn: but most of them, I feel, should also be hung and quartered. . . .

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Men of the Icebreaker Sedov," by K. S. Badigan (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). The story of the men, crew of an ice-breaker, who were trapped in the ice from 1937 to 1941.

"The Nest of the Scarecrow," by M. E. Atkinson (John Lane, 8s. 6d.). The Lockett children in yet another enthralling escapade.

"Tales for a Godchild," by Denis Mackail (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). The first book for children which this well-known writer has written for them. Will make his grown-up readers wonder why he has not tried his hand at it before.

"All About Horace," by Harry Hemsley (Hutchinson, 5s.). The amazing adventures of the author's well-known radio family. Will provide excellent entertainment for all youngsters, to say nothing of the grown-ups whose happy task it is to read these tales aloud.

"M for Maria," by Sophie Cole (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). A novel in which Maria the plain outmanœuvres, by the aid of a little deceit, her pretty sister, Mignon, and captures her intended husband for herself.

END

First Aid In Nature

(*Continued from page 25*)

ordeal it will sometimes go on a special diet. By a careful study of the mule deer it has been found that the female, when pregnant, selects her food as carefully as any human mother under orders from her doctor. Similarly, buck deer, during the trying time when they are growing their new horns, have been known to travel for miles to drink water which is rich in lime and will thus facilitate the growing of the horns.

On the general question of diet in Nature, it would appear that animals know that foods rich in vitamins are necessary for vigorous health. And it may be remembered that there is no place for the perpetual invalid among wild creatures. The animal or bird which falls sick has either to get well quickly or die—such is the stern law of the survival of the fittest among wild creatures.

The reason why, on the whole, there is so little sickness in Nature is no doubt due to the food which is eaten. In the springtime even domestic animals, whose tastes have been partly perverted by living with civilized man, will rush for the fresh green grass, which is so rich in vitamins, in preference to the dried hay, although the hay can be had in abundance while the grass is rather scanty.

Dr. Wilborn J. Deason, of Chicago, writes that when he was studying eye surgery in India he noticed that the natives suffered badly from eye troubles, while monkeys which played in the adjacent trees never seemed to be troubled at all. He gave as his explanation that, whereas the natives lived on rice grown in fields that had been drained of vitality through ages of one-crop cultivation, the monkeys protected themselves against disease by eating fruits which were rich in vitamins.

But what if, despite every precaution, sickness overtakes a wild animal? Well, whether it be due to reason or instinct, wild animals effect some wonderful cures on themselves.

A man who caught a gibbon noticed that it had a large swelling on its side. As this was a blemish, he decided to operate and remove what he thought was a cyst. He shaved around the swelling and then noticed for the first time that running over the lump was a long, shrivelled scar. On operating, he extracted from the gibbon's side a twisted ball of firm, stringy matter which he could not identify.

He had this ball analysed and found that it was formed of the thoroughly masticated leaves of the Indian incense tree, which is well known for its healing properties and is used by the natives for treating their own wounds. The gibbon, on receiving its injury, had prepared a "medicine ball" from the leaves of this tree, and had then stuffed it into the gaping wound.

Among gregarious insects there appears to be practised a form of elementary surgery. If an ant breaks a leg other ants will sometimes amputate the damaged limb with their razor-edged jaws. Moreover, if an ant is suffering from a disease, it is not unusual for it to be isolated.

When the army ants of the tropics are on one of their vast marches the column is flanked by ants whose job appears to be that of looking after the casualties. If a marcher falls out these ants run to it and, if the injury is bad, summary execution follows! But should an ant sustain a minor injury it is carried to the rear and treated until it has recovered.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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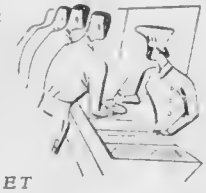
If the Victorian "little woman" was thrown on her own resources she opened a little cake shop, produced some Maids of Honour tarts, and felt that fate had dealt her an unkind blow. But she kept her apron gophered, her parting combed straight, and used her Atkinsons Eau de Cologne while she waited for someone to come and marry her. To-day's "little woman" may also turn to cookery, but she supervises a works' canteen providing meals for several hundreds daily; and she plans, buys, supervises and fills in ration forms without turning a hair. And when she gives her mind to romance, she too loves Atkinsons exquisite fragrance; but unless she has a little saved we're afraid she'll have to do without Atkinsons until after the war, because manufacture has now ceased. We're sorry!



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Armoured Might of George and Sam

(*Continued from page 12*)

Once in the rendezvous the commander was going to want a few words with his crews, and he and Sam didn't look like even two Germans, let alone four. What happened after that would be short but not sweet. He sighed profoundly.

"Put more feeling into it and that's me too," Sam remarked, over the intercom.

They drove toward the village in despondent silence. Through the periscope George watched the squadron forming up in a semi-circle.

Sam said, "If you were thinking of asking, the answer is no, we can't go any slower."

George did not reply. There was a road between them and the village. As they were about to cross it a passing convoy cut them off, a heterogeneous convoy of armoured vehicles of all sorts. George gazed at it stolidly, grateful for even the momentary reprieve that it afforded them.

The convoy was still passing when Sam suddenly put the tank in gear, pulled out on to the road, and eased into an opening in the line.

George reached for the microphone. "Where are we going, Sam?"

"Do you care?"

"No." They drove in silence. George waited but nothing happened, no one came after them. He sat up and began to breathe again. "What direction are we heading in, Sam?"

"I don't know."

They drove for two hours and then stopped to refuel. George put on one of the uniforms they had taken from the tank crew and no one bothered him. Having refuelled, the convoy moved on.

"There's something funny about this, George. You notice how these towns we're going through are full of civilians and everybody comes out and cheers when we go by?"

George had noticed but he couldn't explain it.

Soon after dark they stopped for the night. George and Sam stayed close to their tank and nobody paid any attention to them.

"I'd like to know more about this," Sam said.

In the morning when they started off again George discovered that a radio set was in operation on a different wavelength, and tuned in on it. The orders which came back had to do mainly with traffic control and he learned nothing.

They travelled for three days. By noon on the fourth day it was obvious that they were approaching a big city. They passed through suburbs festively garlanded where the crowds stood deep on the kerbs cheering when they approached.

"Just like Lindbergh," Sam said, "with tanks."

The convoy moved on into the city. The crowds grew larger and the cheering more enthusiastic. They passed under an ornate stone arch and came suddenly on to a wide boulevard. Crowds lined it on both sides and from every building hung bunting. George blinked in bewilderment.

"Local boys make good," Sam said. "Where's the band?"

As if in answer to the question, four trucks swung around a corner and took up their position at the head of the column, bulging brass and blaring Wagner.

"Attention!" the radio shouted into George's ear. "All crews will salute one quarter mile before passing the Fuehrer and one quarter mile after."

George said, "Holy smoke!"

"What, George?"

George explained. Sam said, "Well, what do you know? George and Sam! Wait'll the folks at home hear about this."

The parade was starting. The vehicle ahead of them moved off and Sam threw the tank into gear. The crowds cheered. Children broke away from their parents to throw artificial flowers. They moved in triumphal procession up the boulevard. George began to enjoy himself.

Sam said, "Get up and give them a bow, George."

George put on the coal-scuttle helmet hanging in the turret, opened the hatch, and stood up. While the crowd waved he solemnly bowed first to one side and then to the other, politely tipping the helmet with his right hand.

The radio sputtered, "Whoever is standing up back there will sit down at once. This is not a social gathering."

George bowed once more to both sides, and sat down.

Sam asked, "What's the big sign say, George?"

George translated it. "'Hail, the Unconquerable Armoured Might of the Fatherland.'"

"Armoured might. Is that us, George?"

"That's us."

The tank backfired loudly, seemed to hesitate, backfired twice more, and then stopped altogether. Brakes squealed in the column behind them. "What has happened in the rear?" the radio demanded. "Engine trouble," George explained.

The column ahead of them stopped. "Repair it without delay," the radio commanded.

Sam said, "Where's one of them uniforms?"

George tossed him one. Sam struggled into it. When he was ready they climbed out through the hatch, descended to the street, and went around to the engine compartment. Sam began to tinker with the engine. The crowd looked on in silence.

Sam said, "Get me a hairpin, George."

George walked over to the kerb and asked in a loud voice, "Has any one in the crowd got a hairpin?"

A girl handed him one shyly. George accepted it with a courteous bow and carried it back to Sam, who put his head into the engine compartment and emerged in a moment beaming. They closed the compartment doors and got back into the tank. Sam stepped on the starter, put the tank in gear, and the column moved on again.

They were approaching a large square surrounded on three sides by grey-clad soldiers stiffly at attention. In the middle was parked a huge black limousine. In the tonneau of the limousine stood a small man wearing a trench coat, his right arm rigidly extended.

"Say, George, you don't happen to have any ammunition for that gun, do you?"

George said, "I thought of that. It's jammed, like they said."

"A pity. Accidents happen every day."

Someone in the vehicle ahead got up and saluted. George stood up and did likewise.

"The Fuehrer wishes to cross to the other side," the radio announced. "You will let him pass through the column."

Mounted policemen came forward into the boulevard. The limousine began to move. The policemen rode out in front of the tank and held up their hands. The limousine swung about to cross the boulevard.

Sam brought the tank to a halt, but not quite in time. A front fender of the limousine crumpled like an old pancake.

The music stopped abruptly. The crowds fell silent. The policemen drew their revolvers. Bayonets appeared among the soldiers. George leaned forward.

"Why didn't you put out your hand?" he demanded of the driver of the limousine. "Do I look like a mind-reader?"

George said, "How long have you been driving a car?"

The little man in the tonneau of the limousine shook his clenched fist. He was not happy.

"Get out of here!" he shouted. "Get out!"

Sam called, "Ask him how long he's been driving a car."

Sam looked around. "I guess we'd better do what he says, George." He put the tank in gear and stepped on the accelerator.

With a loud crunching sound, the tank pulled itself up on (*Continued on page 66*)

Scrambled Eggs that melt in the mouth!

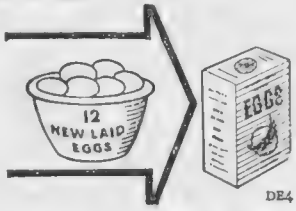
HOW YOU CAN SERVE THEM TODAY

If you're wondering what to make for tea or supper—why not scrambled eggs on toast? And they can be delicious when made this way, with dried eggs. Dried eggs, as you know, are real shell eggs—top quality, new-laid ones—with only the shell and water taken away. The main secret in using dried eggs is to be very careful about the reconstituting, and, when making scrambled eggs, to cook them slowly.

Allow four level tablespoons dried eggs for two people. Mix this with eight tablespoons water. First press out all lumps in the dried eggs before adding the water. Then add half the water and mix to a smooth paste without leaving any lumps. Add rest of water and blend thoroughly till you have a smooth, creamy liquid. Then add 4 tablespoons of milk, and plenty of seasoning; and beat well.

Melt a knob of margarine in the pan and pour in the egg mixture; cook over a very low heat, stirring occasionally to remove from the bottom of the pan. As soon as the mixture has all thickened serve on hot toast and margarine. To make the scrambled eggs specially delicious, mix a little extract (meat or vegetable), or some anchovy or tomato sauce with the margarine before spreading it on the toast.

Remember: dried eggs are easy to get, easy to cook, and easy on the purse as well. They cost only 1/3d. a packet of 12—1¼d. per egg.



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Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains * 'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

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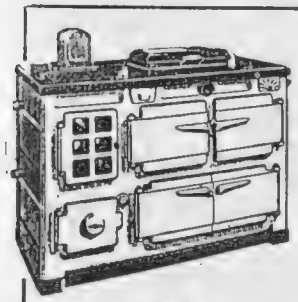
★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



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top of the limousine, teetered a moment, and slid down on the other side. George had fallen into the turret and so the bullets missed him. With one hand he reached out hastily and pulled the hatch cover shut.

Sam said, "You don't mind if we move right along, do you?"

The tank gained momentum. Bullets splashed against its armoured sides like rain. Other vehicles in the column attempted to head them off. The heavy ones Sam avoided, the lighter ones he pushed out of the way. At the first corner he swung off the boulevard.

"Where to, George?"

George said, "Just keep going." He looked back through the periscope. Pursuit was considerably hampered by the confusion they had left behind them. "Keep turning every time you see a corner."

When they had gone several blocks and no one was in sight, he breathed easier.

"Head for open country," he told Sam.

Sam turned another corner and then pulled hard on the tiller bars. The road they were on came to a dead end at a canal. George blinked.

"Do these things float, George?"

George said, "No." Ahead of them was a cement pedestal with a field gun mounted on it. George read the inscription.

"Souvenir of Our Glorious Victories on the Eastern Front."

"What's it say, George?" Sam asked.

Armoured Might of George and Sam

George told him.

"It doesn't say what's a souvenir, eh, George?"

Sam started the tank forward again. At one side there were steps leading up on to the pedestal. He drove up them, put the tank in low gear, and began nudging the gun. It resisted, then rolled backward and tumbled into the canal. Sam shut off the engine.

"Well, George, here we are."

George sighed. "Yeah." Now that the excitement was over, he was experiencing a reaction.

"I guess we'll just have to stay here until our boys get this far."

"I guess we will." Even if it wasn't very long, they were still going to get mighty hungry.

"At nights, maybe we can sneak out and grab a bite, somewhere."

George felt a little more cheerful. "I guess we can," he admitted.

They were silent for a few minutes.

"There's one thing, George."

"Yeah?"

"Like I said, this'll make a mighty fine air-raid shelter."

END

Short-Sleeved Jacket (*Continued from page 37*)

remain. Continue without further shaping for 2 ins. Change to yoke patt.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 2, p. 4 ; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 4, p. 2 ; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

Work until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Work back to armholes. Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 68 sts. Work as for the back until 4 ins. from the cast on edge, then inc. 1 st. at the armhole edge only every 6th row until 74 sts. Continue without further shaping until 13 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work, facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row then dec. 1 st. every row at the armhole edge until 62 sts. remain. Work 2 ins. Continue in yoke patt. Work for 1 in. Now dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every 4th row following at the neck edge until 38 sts. and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front until 13 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (right side of work facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge every row until 62 sts. remain. Work for 2 ins.

Continue in yoke patt. Work 1 in., then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every following 4th row at the neck edge until 38 sts. remain and armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work 1 in. k. 4, p. 4 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and continue in the rib as for the yoke patt. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 94 sts. and work measures 5 ins. from the beg. of the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 15 ins. Cast off. (Work another strip.)

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 160 sts. Work in the following rib :

Rows 1 to 4.—Stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.).

Row 5.—P.

Row 6.—K. Work 2 rows in patt., then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every following row until 110 sts. remain. Then cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, making two pleats at the top of sleeve. Sew front strip on right front, leaving spaces for the buttons. Sew on left front strip. Sew on collar. Now press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over ; inc. = increase or increasing ; dec. = decrease or decreasing.

END

Frilly-Necked Blouse (*Continued from page 37*)

next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 95 sts. remain. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 73 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the beg. of patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side of work facing).

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row then dec. 1 st. in every row at this edge until 57 sts. remain. Work 4 ins. in patt. Change to yoke patt. as follows :

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end of row. Work 2 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, work ½ in. at the same time, cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 39 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4

Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

"California Syrup of Figs"

armhole end rows. Work back to armhole, cast off 7 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front until 12 ins. from the beg. of patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (right side facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then dec. 1 st. every row at this edge until 57 sts. remain. Now continue as for the right front.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 85 sts. K. 2 rows plain knitting. Work 1½ ins. patt. Work 3 rows plain knitting (to bring patt. on wrong side). Change to No. 10 needles and work 5 ins. patt.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 14 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 ins. Make a buttonhole. Rib 5, cast off 4, rib 5.

Next row.—Rib 5, cast on 4, rib 5. Work for 18 ins., make 7 more button holes, 2ins. apart. Work another strip, omitting button-holes.

COLLAR FRILL

With No. 12 needles, cast on 200 sts. Work 3 rows plain knitting. Work ½ in. patt.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. to end of row. **Next row.**—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2; rep. from * to end. K. 1 row. **Next row.**—Make 1 st. in every st. Work ½ in. patt. K. 3 rows plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams (shoulder, side and sleeve seams). Sew in sleeve, making 2 small pleats at the top of each sleeve. Sew on front strips. Stitch on collar frill. Make cord for waist, by taking 4 strands of wool 1 yd. long, twist tightly, fold and twist again. Run this through the holes at waist and stitch each end. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

day long. The symptoms are aching and a tired heavy feeling in both feet.

OFF DUTY

FRENCH and English women have a different approach to their various beauty problems. The Frenchwoman always seems to take it for granted that she is good-looking, whereas the Englishwoman seldom appears to do so, and this is very odd because by and large Englishwomen are probably the best-looking women in the world.

Consider the average Frenchwoman. She is usually short and stumpy, yet she gives you the impression that she has a good figure, first because she holds herself well and secondly because she takes good care of her bust, which is a thing Englishwomen have never done intelligently. Everyone knows that the brassiere which gives you a good uplift support is the one to wear, but it is seldom that a woman takes much trouble in this matter until she notices that her figure is starting to droop. A well-shaped bust is not merely desirable from a beauty point of view; it is vitally important to your health. The woman who sags in this direction is not only uncomfortable but when she marries and has babies she is in danger of being a second-rate mother.

Frenchwomen know the importance of good posture, proper support and external tonic treatment with hot and cold water, a wash flannel and good rough Turkish towelling. Girls are taught to hold their heads up, their shoulders back and their stomachs in. I cannot remember ever having seen a round-shouldered Frenchwoman. From the very time that a girl's figure starts to develop she should be wearing the right type of brassiere, and after a hot bath the bust should always be douched with cool or cold water, using a rough face flannel for friction, and dried afterwards with a rough towel. If these simple rules were carried out there would be less bottle-fed babies and more women with good figures.

END

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Combined Operations (*Continued from page 32*)

tarpaulins, the Commando men were already singing roystering choruses—chiefly "Roll Out The Barrel."

But there was no leisure for Captain Tufnell, nor for any member of the coaster's crew. Whether the enemy had got wind of the venture, or whether it was pure coincidence, everything the Huns could bring against the *Philemon* came that night. The distant crunch of the destroyer's guns followed sharp, stabbing flashes, and a signal lamp winked distinctly.

"E-boats coming, sir!" reported the special signalman provided by the Navy. Captain Tufnell sounded the immediate action alert. Megaphone to mouth, he informed his crew of what might be expected. The Oerlikons would be brought down to the horizontal. The after gun would go into rapid independent as soon as anything suspicious showed.

My chaps might get a smack at them, thought the brigadier and issued his own orders, first asking Tufnell's permission. There was a sense of acute busyness about the shadowed decks. Obviously destructive gear was being lined up along the rails. Rightly handled mortars and Brens could play old Harry with hurrying E-boats, if they pierced the seaward screen. Captain Tufnell engaged his chief engineer in conversation.

"Give her all you've got," he urged.

"I'll do just that," agreed Mr. Cleaver. "This special coal they sent us is some coal. She's going like she never went in her life!" The *Philemon* throbbed vigorously, as if confirming his words. Mr. Cleaver wanted to know how things stood on deck; but there wasn't time for gossip.

There grew an added tension throughout the little, ugly vessel. To Tufnell's fancy—although he possessed no imagination whatsoever—the *Philemon* was giving herself the airs of a proper ship. Like a mongrel going out to fight a pedigree bull-terrier. He'd always had a liking for the old barge, though he'd miscalled her, in her tantrums, by every name he could lay his tongue to.

Somewhere a dull thump sounded, and then, high in the remote sky, a vivid star-shell flared, hung suspended, like an unnatural chandelier.

"Stand to, men—here they come!" roared Tufnell. Eyes trained to deal with North Sea fogs cannot easily be deceived. Those foam gouts under the eye-searing glare were the bow-waves of scurrying mosquitoes, if ever.

The escort's guns began rapid fire, so that unbroken thunder rolled down to envelop the *Philemon* in a sort of woolly blanket of din. One of the foam-flecks suddenly sprouted red fire which shot up and up, like a much magnified rocket. The red turned to orange, to yellow, to near-white, eclipsing the star-shell for brilliancy; then the deep cough of a major explosion trundled down towards the *Philemon*.

"Watch, there, watch!" Captain Tufnell yelled the old deep-sea lead warning. An E-boat had crashed through the barrage; it was heading like an express train fairly for the coaster.

"Shoot—shoot!" someone yelled, and the *Philemon* shook to her keel. For a ghastly moment Tufnell wondered if she'd got it; his brain began to revolve problems of rescue. Not one-tenth enough boats, of course—did you ever hear of a coaster with enough lifeboats? But the water around the charging E-boat was boiling, with quick red flashes piercing the smother; it was the improvised armament of the little ship that was in action. Everything was being fired at once. A couple of mortars banged, there were queer whines quite audible through the general din. A red blossom opened on the enemy's after-deck—could a mortar bomb have hit? It had—it had. Even so, the Hun tried to let go his torpedoes—the fierce fire-glare showed men at the tubes—what was that? An eye-searing flash—as Tufnell blinked salt-sore eyes, it was all over. By sheer luck a shell from one of his Oerlikons had hit a torpedo's war-head. Under the dying star-shell it was possible to see the E's turning in clumsy circles, hurrying to escape the holocaust they had let loose upon themselves.

In the lessening din he could hear the Commandoes arguing; swearing they'd raked the E-boats with Bren fire, claiming unimaginable successes. The brigadier shouted: "Pretty good, sir! Combined operations, eh? Perfect co-operation!" And his words were drowned by the angry roar of hurrying Beaufighters coming out from the land.

They were nearing the hostile coast now; a bustle of preparation stirred along the *Philemon's* decks. Curt commands forbade the exhibition of so much as a struck match or even a cigarette glow. Tufnell could sense a stiffening, as of human muscles, down below the bridge, also he imagined a stiffening—echoed in himself—of human souls. There was a nasty patch of weather ahead—the wind was screaming like all hell let loose, and white water battered at the plunging bow.

For an hour the *Philemon* bucked and wallowed, and sounds from her deck indicated human distresses.

"It's the lop that does it!" Tufnell explained to the brigadier, who drank scalding cocoa at his side like an ordinary man, and talked of his own wild adventures in small boats among the Western Hebrides.

"They'll be hungry when they're emptied, and hungry men fight like scalded cats!" said the nobleman. "You're doing a good job, sir. If we come through this business all right I'll be happy to mention you in the proper quarter."

"Oh, it's just a job—another job, sir," said Tufnell; and listened intently to a thin whistling sound that might have been anything—probably some new devilry devised by Hun science. But he became aware of a slim shape drawing near—a one-man submarine? No—a British voice hailed:

"The jetty's blown up—you'll need to run her straight on the beach, *Philemon*!" There was definite authority in that voice. Some very senior officer indeed had conducted a reconnaissance.

"Ay, ay, sir—beach her it is," responded Tufnell.

"I'll lead you in; but when I swing drive straight on!"

"Ay, ay, sir—drive straight on, sir."

The brigadier descended from the bridge, Tufnell heard his curt commands. Tufnell fixed his gaze on that trifling light ahead. He gave orders in almost a whisper to the two men now at the wheel. He spared a second to speak the engine-room—"When I say 'Now!' open up everything you've got, Chief!" he called.

The blue glimmer swerved sharply to the right. Normally it was deepish water at this state of the tide. There might be anything or everything in the scum—mines, death-traps, what have you?

"Now!" said Tufnell, and dragged at the telegraph. The *Philemon* shivered and leaped, like a wounded stag. Inshore she went at a higher speed than she had ever compassed. The brigadier marshalled every man he could aft, to lift the bows.

The *Philemon* took the ground with a jarring shudder; as she did so, the bow-ports dropped open, the plates forming ramps; and before the slow rocking of the stranded hull ceased, tanks were already trundling to the shore. Simultaneously the Navy, lined up to seaward, opened up with all it had. There were heavier thunders than destroyers could create, too; and far to seaward the flashes were very distinct.

There was now no sign of the brigadier. He had gone ashore ahead of every one. Tufnell said, to none in particular: "That'll be battleships and cruisers!" He kept his engines going still, pushing the ship higher up the shelving beach. The fire from the Navy was increasing; the whole seaward horizon was one long, flickering sheet of flame. The din was atrocious, unbelievable. And din was coming from the shore, too—not just shell-bursts. Things whined darkly over the motionless *Philemon*. Something crashed on her deck—she shivered. Stealthy shapes glided under the quarter.

"You can abandon ship, Captain!" called that strong commanding voice. "You've done the job first-rate!" But by the time Tufnell reached the launch—last man to slide over the side—the *Philemon* was a welter of noisy flame.

"They're all ashore, glory be!" panted the coastwise man. "Seems a pity—she was a grand ship!"

"Never grander than now!" said the admiral. He was searching a grey, growing dawn with powerful glasses. A rocket climbed into the sky.

"Good, they've reached their first objectives," he reported. "Captain, if this show comes off, we've won the war!"

END

Essentially English (*Continued from page 42*)

Georgian houses with tiers of bay windows one above the other, ensuring "a good view of the sea" and a maximum of sunshine. These bay windows are of balanced proportion and far removed from the ugliness of the heavy Late Victorian bow window.

Balconies, veranda-balconies and railings were never considered purely from the utilitarian angle; of delicately wrought iron, they played their carefully designed part in the general aesthetic scheme of things, as did the porches with which practically every eighteenth-century house, large or small, imposing or modest, was equipped. Even cottages were built with care and symmetry, local builders having taken the trouble to master current standards of architectural taste and proportion and to apply them to even the most humble "job."

Characteristic details to note particularly are as follows: The Palladian influence of Inigo Jones, the Italian Renaissance influence of Wren, in early eighteenth-century buildings; Adam decorations—delicate and ornate plasterwork, painted ceilings, fine marble mantelpieces—and graceful fanlights, of the later Georgian period; and the painted stucco houses of Regency times.

To-day, with so much talk of replanning and rebuilding in the air (with its inevitable corollary of pulling down!), one hopes that the best features of Georgian architecture may be incorporated in whatever "new" style of building may be evolved—and that fine examples of the eighteenth-century tradition will not be ruthlessly sacrificed to merely utilitarian needs. In this connection, a society—the Georgian Group—was formed as long ago as 1937, in order to preserve, as far as is possible, our threatened Georgian heritage and to arouse public recognition of the beauty and historical value of so many buildings of this period.

END

1.3.45

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HOME SWEET HOME

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

OUTSIDE the wind has cried itself to sleep. The brief winter twilight is fading into night and in the deepening dusk the lighted street lamps bloom like giant jonquils.

In the silence and the safety of this firelit room there's a memory and a promise for those thousands far away. This friendly hearth, this shining room remind us that while men make houses women make homes. In the quiet welcome of this peaceful room how easy to forget you're in a house, and only know that you're at home. And how much this happy room owes to little things: to a little care with gentle Silvo: to linens made lustrous white by that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue; to Zebo's winning way with gloomy grates; and to copper and brass all laughing and gay because of Brasso.

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